THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dˡ 1728 by Benj. Franklin

APRIL 25, 1908 5cts. THE COPY

Beginning

THE MAN FROM ROME—By Marie Van Vorst

FRANKLIN

Does it pay to own a heavy automobile?

Figure it out. Get the weights of a dozen of the best-known 5-passenger touring-cars. See them weighed yourself. The 5-passenger Franklin Type D weighs under 2200 pounds. The other makes weigh on the average a third more.

That means they use up a third more horse-power, a third more gasoline, and a third more tires, doing the same work as Type D. More gasoline than that, because the air-cooled Franklin engine gets more power out of the gasoline.

Another thing: There is less strain on Type D—or any Franklin. The Franklin does not jolt and rack itself. It lasts longer. It has 4 full-elliptic springs and a laminated wood frame. It has no water-cooling weight and complication. It is easy to ride in; easy to handle, strong, and safe. You can use all the power. The Franklin carries the same load on American roads further in a day than any heavy automobile.

The price of Type D is $2850, yet in six months it costs less than a heavy automobile bought at a considerably lower price.

The Franklin Type G family touring car at $1850 and weighing 1600 pounds does more work and costs less to use than any 2000-pound automobile. The 6-cylinder, 7-passenger Franklin Type H costing $4000 weighs only 2600 pounds and is more economical to maintain than the average 5-passenger, 4-cylinder machine.

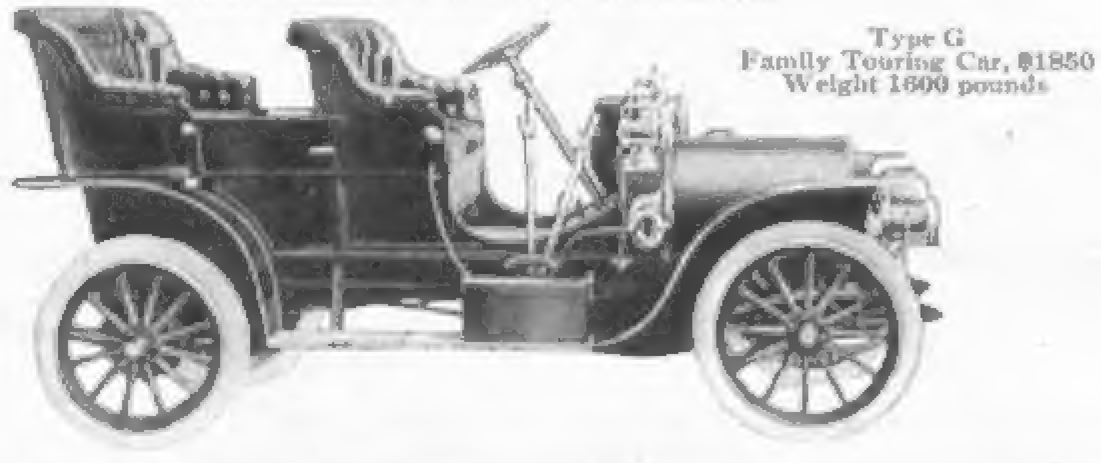
With a heavy automobile you cannot get the benefit of the excessive operating cost.

Is it good business to pay for useless weight?

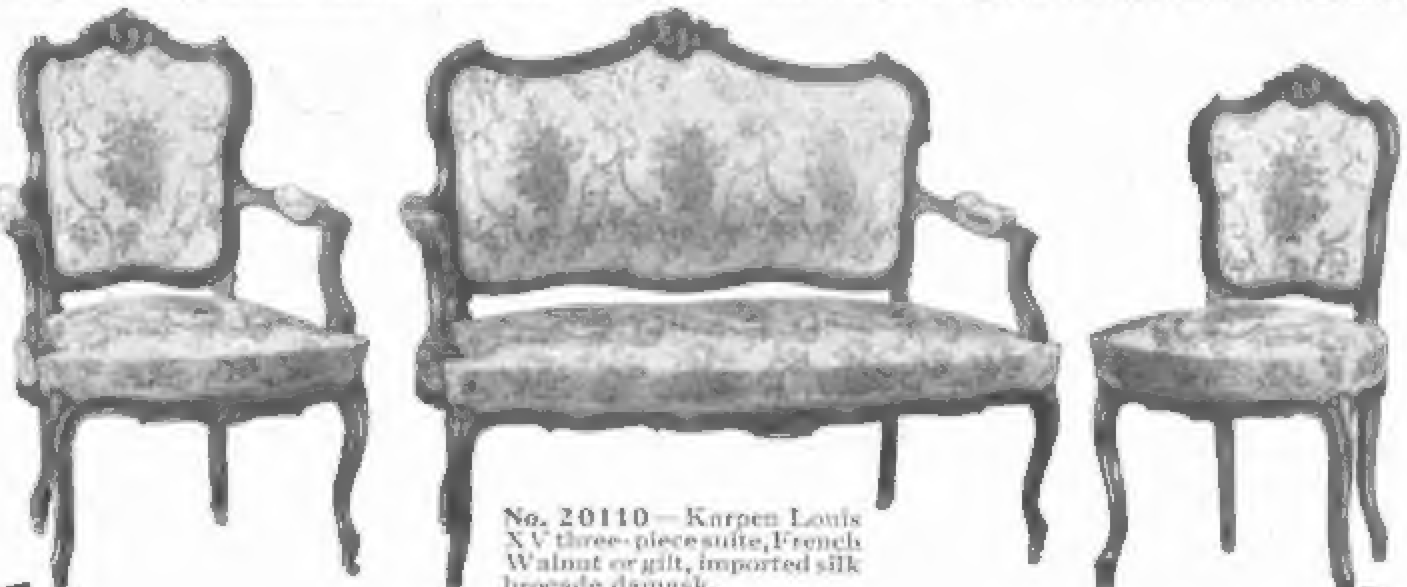
Write for the catalogue describing Franklin models.

H H FRANKLIN MFG. CO. Syracuse N Y

Member Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers



Type G
Family Touring Car, $1850
Weight 1600 pounds



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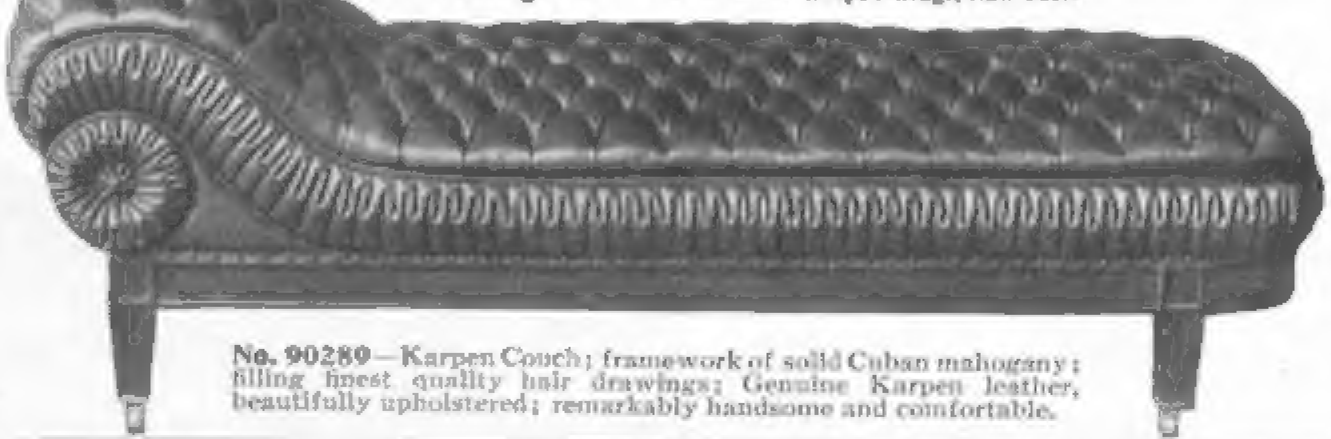
S. Karpen & Bros. Karpen Bldg., Chicago
Karpen Bldg., New York



No. 90280—Karpen Couch; framework of solid Cuban mahogany; filling finest quality hair drawings; Genuine Karpen leather, beautifully upholstered; remarkably handsome and comfortable.

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The tobacco with a regret.

The regret is that you have wasted so many years before you began smoking ARCADIA.

The great brotherhood of pipe smokers, who appreciate a soothing and meditative pipe, and are trying to find a tobacco that satisfies perfectly, will find their ideal in ARCADIA MIXTURE.

If you have never had the luxury of smoking ARCADIA

SEND 10 CENTS and we will send a sample.

If you are a devotee send us a eulogy.

THE SURBRUG CO., 132 Reade St., New York

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A Positive Relief for

Chapped Hands, Chafing and all skin troubles. *"A little higher in price perhaps than imitations, but a reason for it."* Delightful after shaving and after bathing. Sold everywhere, or mailed on receipt of 25c. Get Mennen's (the original). *Sample free.*

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The reasonable cost makes them not too good for the ordinary kitchen lamp.

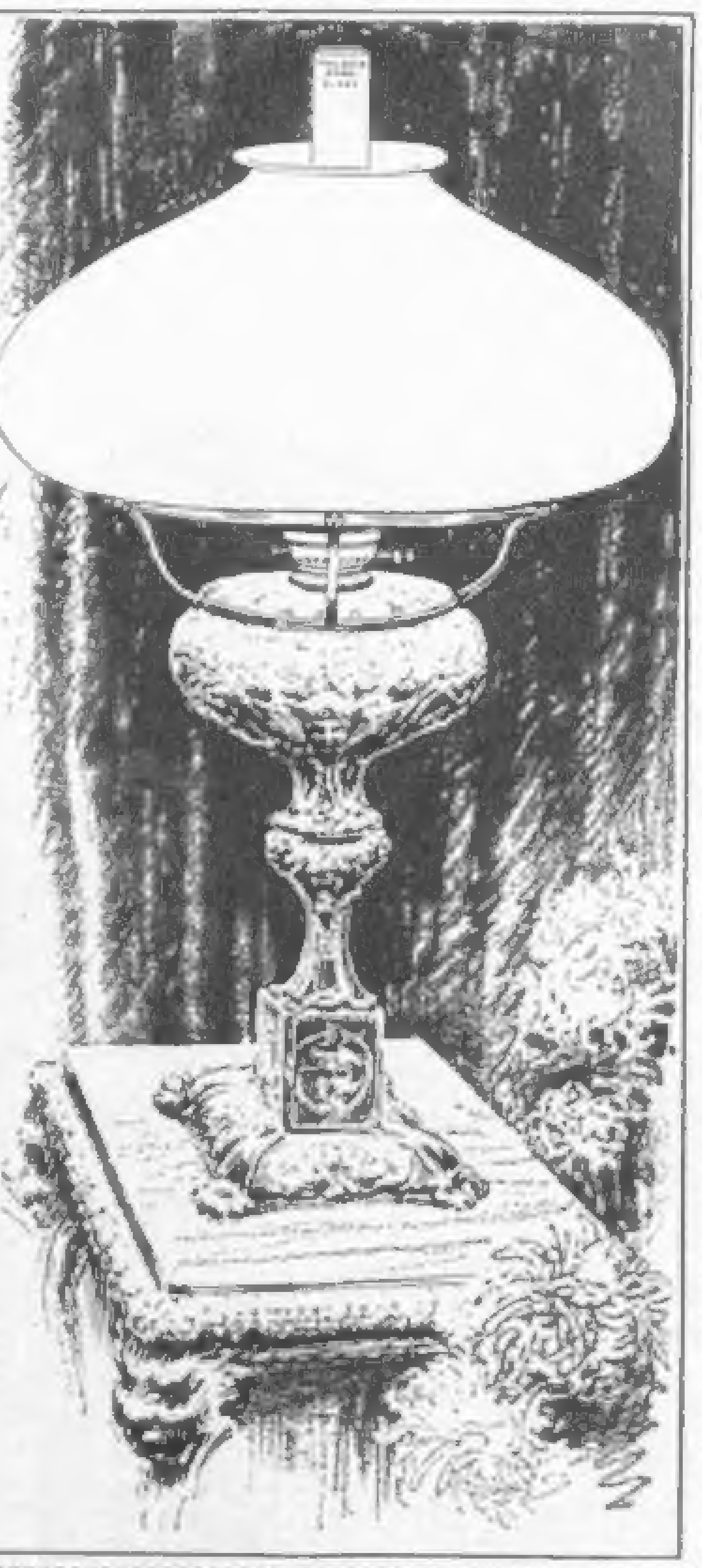
Their superior qualities make them the only chimney fit for the costly parlor lamp.

There is no burner made that I have not studied and fitted with a chimney to get the best possible results from that particular burner.

I put my name on all lamp-chimneys I make. They will not break from heat.

My Lamp-Chimney Catalogue is full of practical suggestions about lamps and chimneys and wicks and oils, and how to keep them in order. It tells which chimney will give the best light on every kind of lamp. It saves a great deal of bother and money. I gladly mail it, free, to any one who writes for it. Address

Macbeth, Pittsburgh.



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Motor Boats and Yachts

sent **Free.** Reliable goods, low prices, prompt delivery.

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Simple—Powerful

The **INDIAN** has always excelled all others in speed, control, reliability, hill climbing in every competition. Durable. Up to date. *Special Cat. K tells.*

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FROM

The Student Violin is also the leader in its class—price $15. Let us send you our Musical Handbook, which tells all about violins and all other musical instruments. 312 pages, 1100 illustrations.

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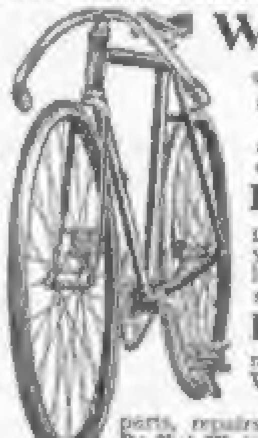

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Factory Prices *Do not buy* a bicycle or a pair of tires from *anyone* at *any price* until you write for our large **Art Catalog** and learn our *wonderful proposition* on first sample bicycle going to your town.

Rider Agents everywhere are making big money exhibiting and selling our bicycles. **We Sell** cheaper than any other factory.

Tires, Coaster-Brakes, single wheels, parts, repairs and sundries at *half usual prices.* **Do Not Wait;** write *today* for our *special offer.*

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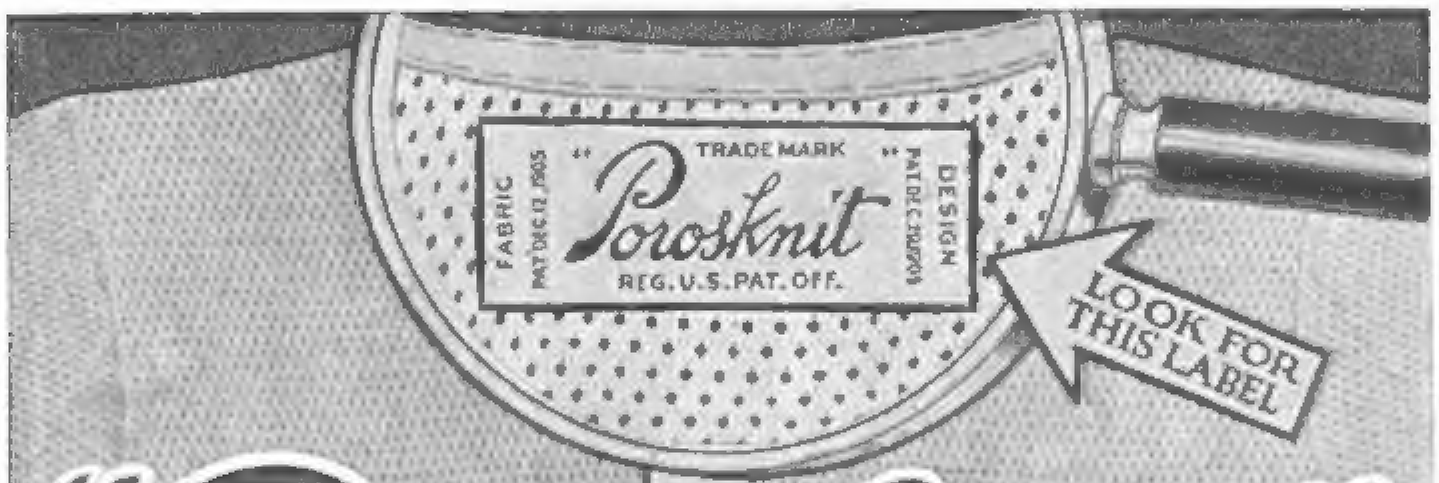

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The Only Logical Summer Underwear For Men

¶ The cool comfort—the easy fit—the real satisfaction to be had by wearing "*Poroskint*" underwear makes the summer heat bearable. Close woven fabrics smother the body, but "*Poroskint*" (the open-work underwear) "lets the body breathe"—allows free circulation of air to the pores of the skin.

¶ One very vital thing to remember is the "*Poroskint*" label —it's sewed on the neck band and drawer band of every genuine "*Poroskint*" garment. It's important because there are very disappointing imitations of "*Poroskint*" that you want to avoid. There is only one "*Poroskint.*"

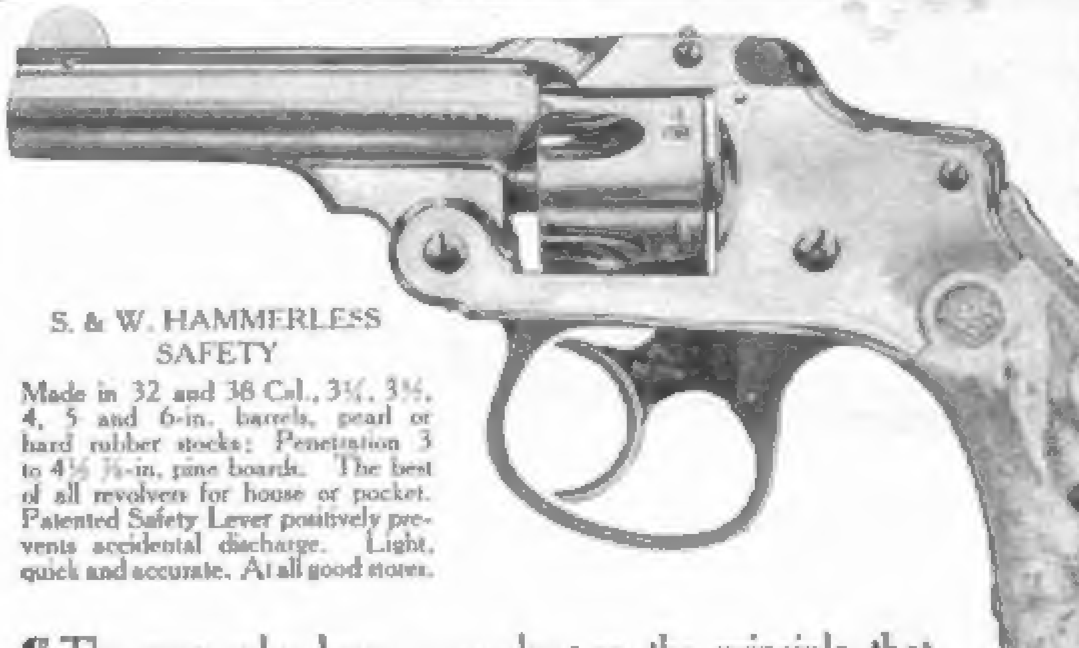
¶ "*Poroskint*" underwear comes in long sleeve, short sleeve and athletic shirts and ankle length and knee length drawers—*50 cents the garment.*
¶ "*Poroskint*" Union Suits for Men—*$1.00.* If you can't find "*Poroskint,*" write for our booklet "Inside Information."

CHALMERS KNITTING CO., 1 Washington St., Amsterdam, N.Y.

Shirts or Drawers 50¢ *the Garment*

SMITH & WESSON

THE THOROUGHBRED OF THE REVOLVER WORLD



S. & W. HAMMERLESS SAFETY

Made in 32 and 38 Cal., 3¼, 3½, 4, 5 and 6-in. barrels, pearl or hard rubber stocks; Penetration 3 to 4½ ⅞-in. pine boards. The best of all revolvers for house or pocket. Patented Safety Lever positively prevents accidental discharge. Light, quick and accurate. At all good stores.

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¶ The man who buys a revolver on the principle that "a dollar saved is a dollar earned" is twin-brother to the man who "didn't know it was loaded."

¶ When you buy a revolver remember there are two kinds of revolvers, "the best material, best workmanship kind," and the other kind.

¶ The first costs you a little more than the latter, but if a hand with five fingers is worth more to you than a hand with three, the few dollars difference is the cheapest accident insurance you can get.

¶ The safest way to buy revolver safety is to buy a SMITH & WESSON—*safest because built safest, inside as well as out.*

¶ You pay more for the SMITH & WESSON than for the other kinds because the SMITH & WESSON costs more to make than most revolvers sell for. But when you buy a SMITH & WESSON you buy real revolver value—*real safety value for every dollar it costs.*

SMITH & WESSON
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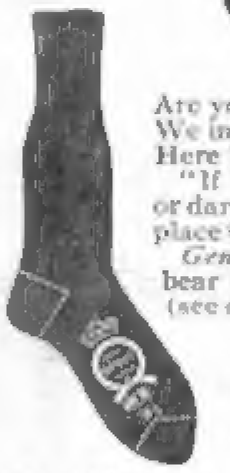
***Write Today** for our beautifully illustrated book—"The Revolver"—which gives the history and evolution of the revolver from the bow-pistol of the 12th century to the perfect weapon of today. This book tells you what you should know about a revolver. Send for it now. IT'S FREE.*

Wear Insured Sox



Are your socks *insured?*
We insure "Holeproof" Sox.
Here is our guarantee—

"If 'Holeproof' Sox come to holes or darns within six months, we will replace them absolutely free of charge."

Genuine "Holeproof" Sox *always* bear the "Holeproof" Trade-mark (see cut). Look for this trade-mark. Socks without are *not* genuine "Holeproof."

"Holeproof" Sox are so good that, if we had to replace many of them, we would be out of business in a year.

We have been making—and guaranteeing—"Holeproof" Sox for ten years (we are the original makers of "guaranteed socks") and, during that time, we have grown from nothing to one of the largest sock-knitting concerns in the world.

We know that "Holeproof" Sox *outlast* the six months' guarantee.

And—as "Holeproof" Sox do not wear out in six months, and are whole at the end of that time, they are *then* better than socks of the kinds that go to pieces in a few weeks.

"Holeproof" Sox are sold only in boxes containing six pairs of a single size—assorted colors or all one color, as you prefer—and colors are black, light and dark tan, pearl gray and navy blue, in medium and light weight—sizes 9½ to 12.

You can buy from your dealer or direct from us, and the price is always $2.00 for a box of six pairs.

Ask for *genuine* "Holeproof" Sox and, if your dealer does not have them, send us your order. Pin to it a Two Dollar bill for each box of socks desired*(or remit in any convenient way), specify the size you wish—also colors and weight—and we will fill your order promptly.

We pay the transportation charges, so that "Holeproof" Sox cost you the same whether you buy from us or from your dealer.

Order a box of "Holeproof" Sox today and write for our little book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy," which we send postpaid for the asking. Address

Holeproof Sox

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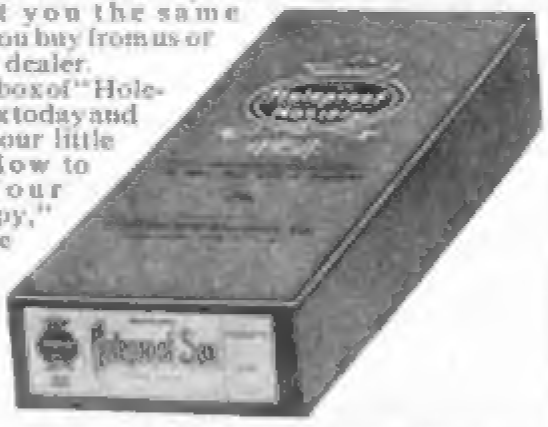

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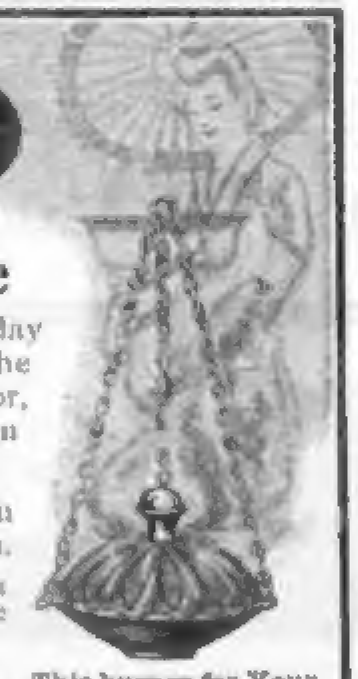
The Hygienic Disinfecting Incense

Should be burned in every home in America every day in the year. Its pungent, spicy fumes will reach the most remote corners and destroy every germ and odor, purify the air and leave a pleasing perfume in the room for several hours after burning.

Incenso destroys the odors of cooking and tobacco smoke, sick-room and toilet-room odors, and takes the place of moth balls in the closets.

Introductory Offer. If you have never used Incenso, we will send you this beautiful bronze burner and a generous free sample for your druggist's name, and 10c for packing and postage.

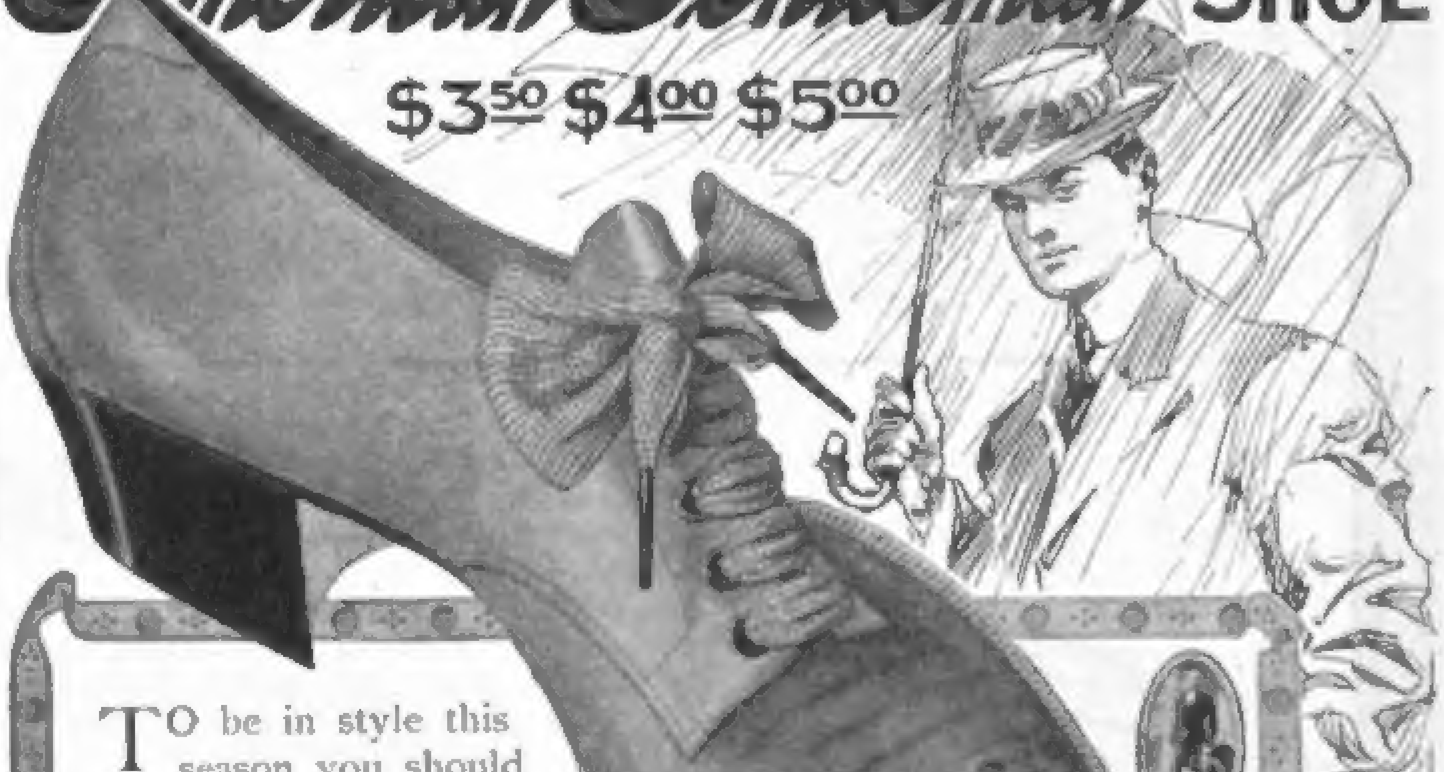
THE INCENSO COMPANY,
418 Fifth Avenue South, Minneapolis, Minn.



This burner for Your Druggist's Name. See introductory offer.

American Gentleman SHOE

$3⁵⁰ $4⁰⁰ $5⁰⁰



To be in style this season you should wear tan oxfords. If you would be comfortable as well as stylish—if you want your shoes to wear well and to retain their style you should wear the

American Gentleman Shoe

The economical buying power of the largest purchasers of leather in the world insures the best quality of leather; the economical manufacturing ability of the largest makers of shoes in the world guarantees the best quality of workmanship.

The shoe here shown, No. 1306, is a genuine tan Russia Calf Blucher Oxford. Made on the snappy Belmont last, with a light single sole and medium extension edge, military heel.

Write today for a free copy of our handsomely illustrated booklet. A complete guide to men's stylish footwear.

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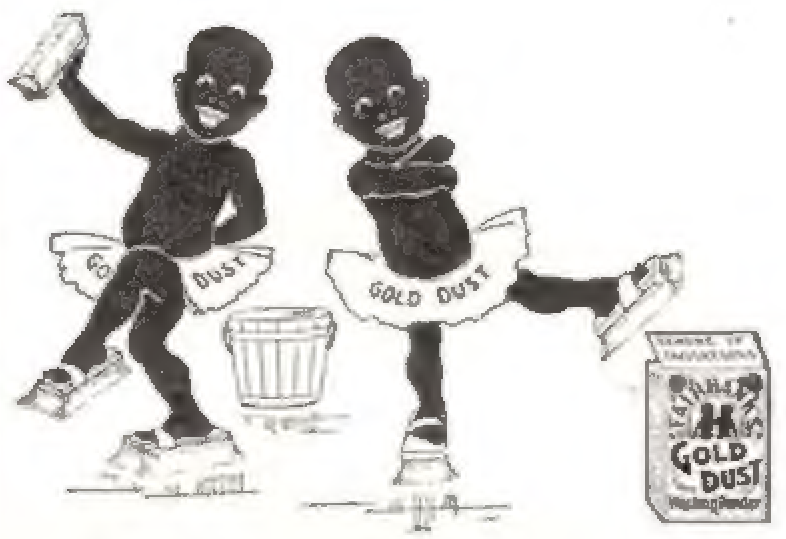
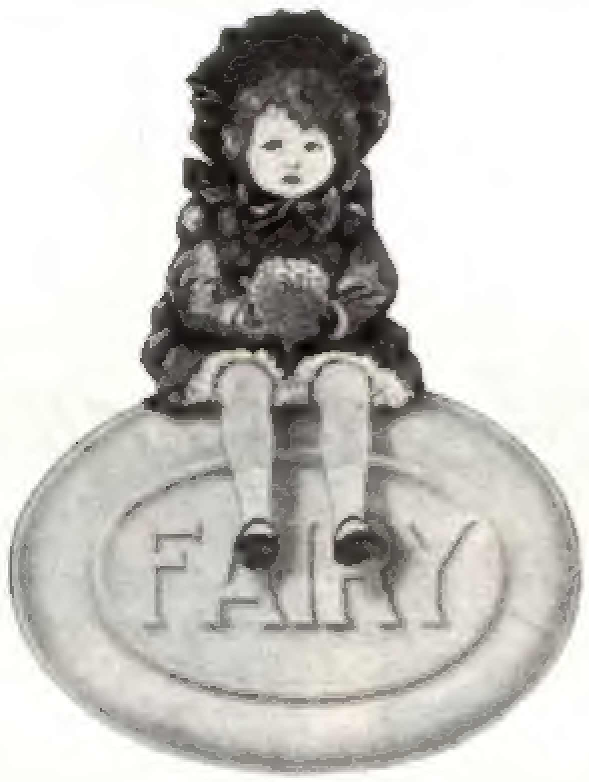


Gold Dust

is the greatest cleanser and labor-saver ever known. It is a vegetable-oil soap, ground into a smooth, golden powder. It dissolves instantly in hot or cold, hard or soft water, produces its own lather and does all the hard part of the task without your assistance.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors and doors, cleaning pots and pans, bath room pipes, refrigerators, oil cloth, silverware, polishing brass work, washing clothes, softening hard water and making the finest soft soap, it will be found invaluable by any housewife who wishes to spare her back and save her time.

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do your work"

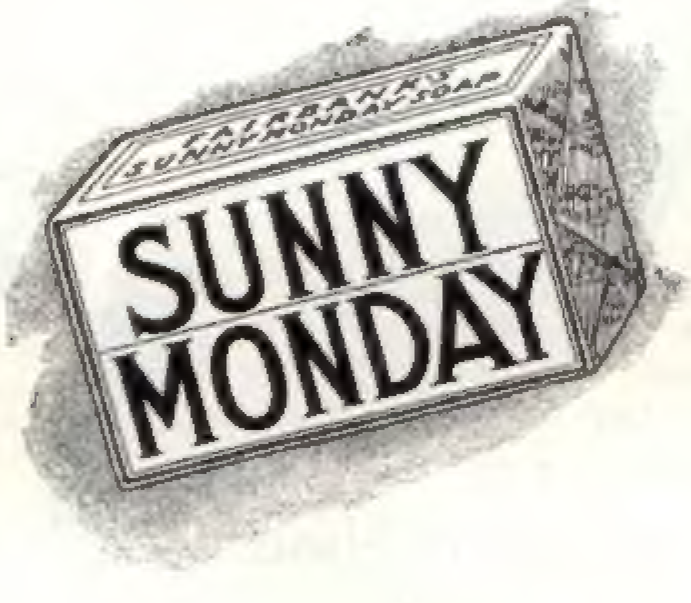


Fairy Soap

is the ideal soap for toilet and bath. It lathers freely; it floats; the oval cake just fits the hand, it agrees with the most delicate skin. Its purity is proven by its whiteness. FAIRY SOAP is white (and stays white) because made only from highest grade materials—choice edible products, with not a particle of coloring matter or adulterant of any kind.

Pay what price you will, you can find no purer, more convenient or more satisfactory soap for the toilet and bath than Fairy Soap—the white, oval floating cake at 5c. Use it once and you'll use it always.

"Have You a Little 'Fairy' in Your Home"?



Sunny Monday Laundry Soap

Why use a laundry soap containing from twenty to forty per cent rosin (which all yellow laundry soaps do) when you can get SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N. R.), a white soap made from high grade materials without an ounce of rosin?

SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N. R.)—because of this rosinless feature and its remarkable dirt-starting qualities which save rubbing—will make your clothes last twice as long as they would with the use of other laundry soap. Isn't this saving worth your while?

SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP *(N. R.) is especially valuable for the washing of woolens, flannels and the finest fabrics, as it will not shrink them. Moreover, it can be used with equal success in hard, soft, cold, hot or boiling water.

***(N.R.)—Means "No Rosin." SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP contains no rosin. Rosin is an adulterant and will rot and ruin clothes. Because it is all soap, one bar of SUNNY MONDAY LAUNDRY SOAP will do the work of two bars of any other laundry soap.**

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Makers, Chicago

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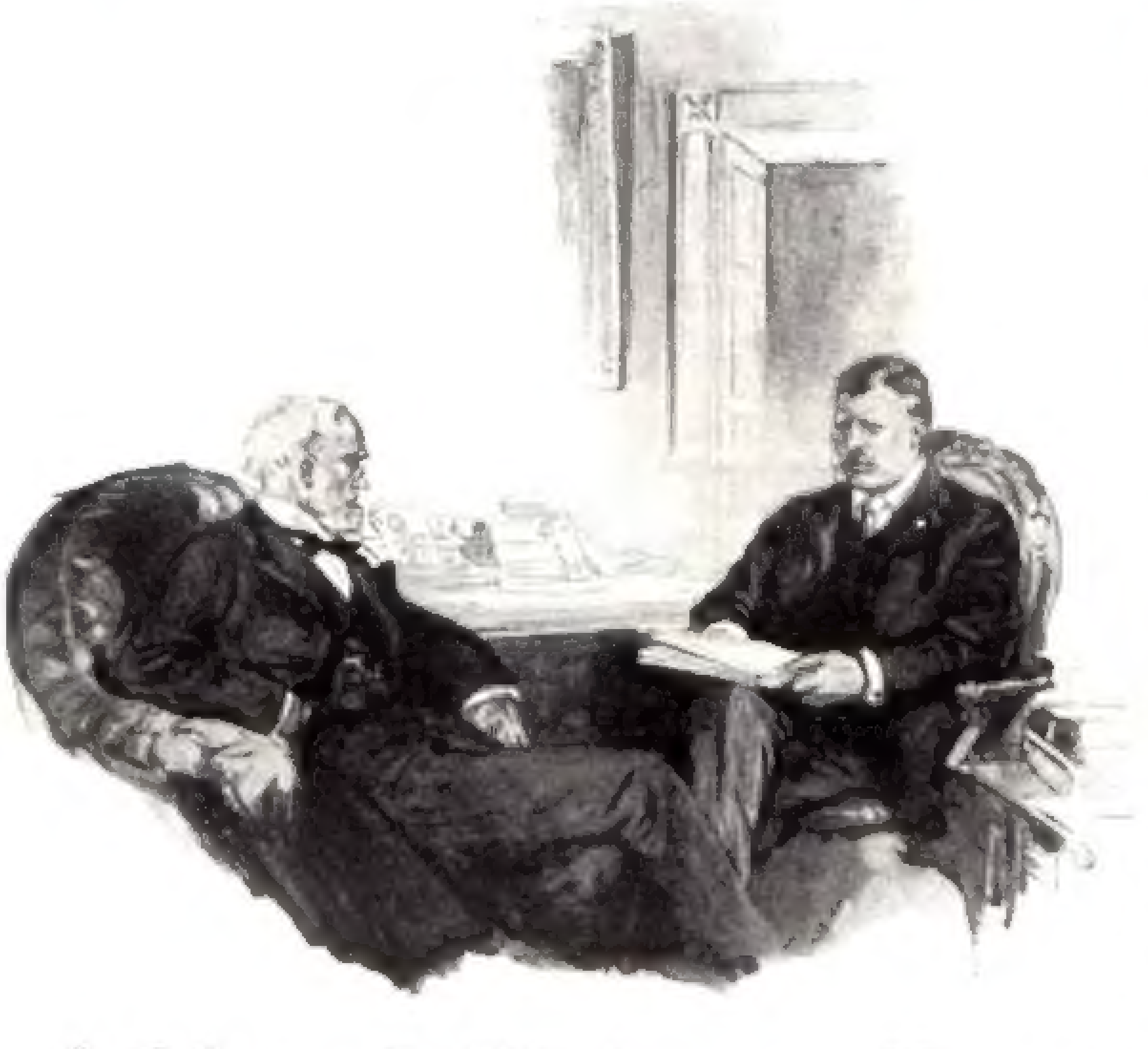
BIG KELLY

He Discusses the Diplomatic Deal Against Teddy

By Alfred Henry Lewis



"TH' MORE I read," exclaimed Big Kelly, throwing down a paper from the headlines of which such names as "Harriman" and "Morgan" and "Rockefeller" glared forth—"Th' more I read of th' doin's of these rich guys, th' more I begin to think that th' makin' of a mutt lurks in every million dollars. Say, they don't know how to pick up a hand an' play it, after it's been dealt 'em."

Be it known that Doloran's is a local Delphi; Big Kelly its oracle. From the tripod, namely his usual chair in Doloran's most comfortable corner, Big Kelly, in moments of neighborhood darkness and a perturbation of politics, speaks wisely for the common guidance and good.

"What them high rollers lacks," continued Big Kelly, "is diplomacy. Likewise, their millions of dough appear to benumb their wits; their general ignorance is something fierce. Take 'em off Wall Street an' mix 'em up with anything except a stock-ticker, an' they can't tell a typewriter from a cash register. It gets to be a case of sittin' on th' tables an' eatin' off th' chairs; they'll put themselves in wrong an' stay there from start to finish.

"Now, if some poor party was to go crabbin' his own game th' way they do, his friends'd about order a sawbones to examine his head; an' th' next news you'd hear, that poor party'd be in th' observation ward at Bellevoo, whilin' away th' time till a certificate could be made out to send him to Bloomin'dale as an incurable, cuttin' paper dolls. Take it from me, they'd put th' smother on him by showin' he had bats in his belfry, an' that th' bats had built nests an' come to stay. It would be his jiblets f'r th' padded cell, an' a guardjeen f'r th' property."

"What be yez talkin' about, Kell?" asked old Timmy from over behind one of those giant beakers of beer that are the joy of the Bowery.

"About th' way Morgan, an' Harriman, an' th' Standard Oil bunch, an' th' balance of that fur-lined push don't get along with Teddy. As I say, the big thing they're shy on is diplomacy."

"Diplom'cy?" repeated old Timmy, cocking a sage eye like a crow looking into a jug. "That's phwat, in th' ould day, Fatty Walsh says Hughey Grant was shy on. It's whin Hughey's Mayor, down be th' City Hall."

"Diplomacy," continued Big Kelly, ignoring the Walsh-Grant reference, "is any move that lands th' trick—see? Sometimes it's a case of whisper; sometimes it's nothin' but noise. You wake up an' hear somethin'; an' you think it's a porch-climber turnin' off th' joint. An' at that, not knowin' but he's framed up with a gun, you don't feel like goin' to a clinch with him. What do you do? Well, you tosses mebby a dumbbell over th' banister, an' lets it go, bumpin' from step to step, makin' more row than some geezer fallin' downstairs with th' kitchen stove. Th' racket throws a scare into th' burglar, an' he beats it. That's diplomacy.

"Also, it's exactly what them Wall Streeters ain't got. For nearly twenty-five years, ever since he goes to th' Assembly in Albany in '84, they've been tryin' to get rid of Teddy; an' for nearly twenty-five years they've done more'n all th' rest to keep him on th' map. Now, when Teddy was in Mulberry Street an' th' whole box of tricks with th' p'lice, us Tammany ducks got along with him as peaceful as a basketful of pups. Diplomacy does it; diplomacy, an' payin' strict attention to Teddy's blind side. 'What's th' use of kickin' in th' gate,' says we, 'when we know where a board is off th' fence?'

"You remember me puttin' young Brady on th' Force? Teddy's in Mulberry Street then. D'you think I goes wastin' time an' queerin' th' chances by tellin' Teddy how Brady passes th' money box in Father Malachi's church? Not on your necktie! It wouldn't have been diplomacy. That line of guff wouldn't have caught him; he'd have kept on thinkin' of somethin' else. I gets my work in in this way:

"'Say, Commish,' I says, as I walks in, 'I sees th' fight of your life last night. Nineteen rounds to a knockout; it's a left hook to th' jaw does it.'

"'No!' he says, lightin' up like Long Acre Square at seven o'clock; 'you int'rest me! Pull up a stool,' says he, 'an' put your feet on th' desk. There; now you're comfortable, go on about th' fight. Who was they?'

"'A lad from my district named Brady,' I says, 'an' a big dock-walloper from Williamsburg. You ought to have seen it, Commish! Brady was th' goods! He was all over that Williamsburg duffer like a cat over a shed roof.'

"So I runs on for ten minutes, usin' diplomacy; an' two weeks later Brady's thumpin' a beat."

"That's all r-r-right," observed old Timmy; "but phwat is ut thim rich skates does that's so wr-r-rong?"

"It's like this," explained Big Kelly: "there's nothin' delicate, nothin' fine about 'em. It's all bluff an' buffalo with 'em, all stick-up an' strong-arm. If they'd mingle a little of th' old 'con.' with their system it'd go furder. They starts in from th' jump to buffalo Teddy; they're goin' to bluff him into a corner an' take his bread away—him, that'd scrap a buzz-saw, an' start it goin' himself!

"What's th' answer? Teddy gets as hot as a fire in a paint fact'ry, an' goes to th' floor with 'em. He makes a monkey of Northern Merger; he pinches Standard Oil an' fines it twenty-nine millions; in a manner of speakin' he does 'em up at every angle, an' leaves Morgan, Rockefeller an' them other stock students lookin' like five cents' worth of lard in a paper bag."

"Oh, Tiddy's th' la-a-ad that can fight!" cried old Timmy in tones of glee; "he's th' baby that's always lookin' f'r an argument! An' all th' toime, Kell, yez say a 'con.' would've fetched him, an' thim money mugs could've kissed their way through?"

"Well," observed Big Kelly guardedly, "understand me. I don't say it would have been a cinch. Still, th' 'con.' was th' only thing to hand him. It was their dyin' chance! Of course, they might have fallen down with th' play at that; for while he seems easy, an' there's much about him that reminds you of a come-on, with th' last word Teddy ain't such a mark as he looks. It's this way: You can 'con.' all of Teddy part of th' time, an' part of Teddy all of th' time, but you can't 'con.' all of Teddy all of th' time. An' after that he'll 'con.' you. I only wisht he was a Democrat! An' he is a Democrat, an' a good one, too, th' minute he gets off his guard."

"He's th' idol av th' crim'nal illimint!" exclaimed old Timmy, with sudden albeit rapturous irrelevancy.

"All right; let it go at that!" replied Big Kelly tolerantly. "Who's quicker with th' applaudin' mit than th' crim'nal element, at sight of an honest man—just so he ain't bumpin' into their graft? Who is it hisses th' villyun in th' play till you can hear him in Hoboken? Ain't it some guerrilla who's been mugged an' Bertilloned in Mulberry Street a dozen times? Once a Blind Tom show is at Minor's, an' a guy in th' gallery gets so carried away by grief at the death of little Eva he falls down two flights of stairs. Say, I had a flash at him as they tosses him into th' ambulance, an' I hope to join th' Parkhursts if it ain't a murderer I gets Judge Battery Dan to put away on th' Island, th' year before, for lickin' his wife.

"Wall Streeters an' college professors, when it comes to pickin' out an' indorsin' th' honest one, ain't got nothin' on th' crim'nal element; providin' always, as I says, that th' honest party ain't steppin' on th' toes of their partic'lar graft. An' get down to th' turn, all that a bunch of these guys have ag'inst Teddy is he's been knockin' their game. What's their game? They claim it ain't larceny if you steal more than a hundred thousand dollars; an' Teddy won't stand for th' limit—see? That's where they hook up for trouble."

"Yes, an' bein' hooked up," remarked old Timmy complacently, "yez can hock your brogues that thim lads know there's been a fight. There's Galway blood in Tiddy, an' th' Galway b'ys are as ga-a-ame as hornets, an' as cunnin' as a pet fox besides. Be yez for him, Kell?"

"Timmy," said Big Kelly defensively, "I'm a Tammany district leader. Also, my democracy fits; it don't crawl up over th' collar nor bag at th' knee. However, I'll put you wise to this: For mine, give me a live one in th' White House every time."

"An' I'm wit' yez, Kell," returned old Timmy heartily; "I'm for Tiddy! He's no tissue-pa-a-per Pris'dent. He says th' only difference bechune a rich man an' a poor man is at th' bank. More power to him—why not? Would this beer be annything but beer if it came through a spigot av goold, from a keg av silver, an' Doloran had used a diamond-studded bung-starter in tappin' it?"

AUTHOR'S NOTE—It is worth while to say that this talk isn't fiction. In substance, and almost in phrase, it is a report of what actually passed between a Tammany district leader, somewhat celebrated in his own circle for a philosophic depth, and certain of his followers. On the principle that the one half ought to know how the other half lives, it might easily be true that the one half ought to know, politically at least, how the other half feels and talks. The more, perhaps, since the other half never fails to cast its vote, going now and then so far indeed as to cast it several times. The important part in politics and, through politics, in government played by such as Big Kelly and his followers is a sufficient reason, if one be needed, for printing this conversation down at Doloran's.

"Right, Timmy; an' yet that's one of th' main wrinkles in Teddy that them financial highbinders is kickin' about. They think th' best-dressed citizen is th' best citizen; an' argue that th' loose screw about a democracy is that, if you don't watch it an' ain't careful, it'll every now an' then hand you out a Democrat. On th' level!"—this disgustedly—"I never talk with one of them millionaire gazabos ten minutes I don't put in what's left of th' week wonderin' over th' things he don't know. You'd suppose, when th' one proposition with 'em is not to give Teddy an encore as President, that with th' openin' he offered 'em they'd manage to pull off th' trick."

"An' phwat was that openin', Kell?" demanded old Timmy.

"You ain't forgot how, three days after he's elected that time, Teddy proceeds to bawl it out that he'll never run ag'in? For myself, I was sore on him for doin' it. It's time enough to buy your ticket when it's time to pack your grip.

"Th' next day after he makes his crack, a friend of mine asks him about it:

"'Is it for th' bleachers,' says my friend, 'or does it go?'

"'Oh, it goes!' says Teddy.

"'Then,' says my friend, 'you'll pardon me, but I don't think it was up to you to make th' bluff. It can't do no good, an' it may wind up by puttin' everybody an' everything in Dutch. No sport can know what he'll want to do, or what he ought to do, four years ahead. Bein' Pres'dent now, with four years to draw to, you can no more tell whether you'll want to be reëlected than you can tell what you'll want for dinner while you're eatin' lunch. You've only got one appetite, an' it's bein' fed—see? Once I knew a party who's always ready to swear off when he's half full. Used to chase round on his own steer to sign th' pledge every time he gets a bun. Bein' soaked, he felt like he'd never want another drop. After he'd gone without whisky a couple of days he'd wake up to it that he's been too bigoted. He'd feel that he'd taken too narrow a view of th' liquor question, an' commence to see things in their true colors.'

"That's what my friend said to Teddy," Big Kelly went on. "However, let that slide; Teddy still handed it out cold he won't run, an' stood pat on it.

"An' it's then an' there that, from th' viewpoint of diplomacy, them wealthy Willies begin to manœuvre like a lot of hod-carriers. That promise of Teddy's to quit ought to have been their cue to get in a jolly, an' beam, an' go 'round praisin' him up an' agreein' with him in everything he says or does. After he'd got his stack down their way that time, they never should have given him a ghost of a chance to claim a misdeal—never!"

"An' did these laddybucks do that?"

"What else? Followin' him sayin' he'll quit at th' end of his term, what do them coarse-workers do? Every day they th' same as put in their spare time marchin up an' down th' street in front of th' White House, shoutin', 'If you don't get out we'll throw you out!' They go about now insultin' him every way from th' jack. If he orders steam up on th' Mayflower, they call him a grafter. When he writes a letter about 'my people' to some fiddle-colored snoozer down in South America, they pass you th' hunch he's trainin' to be an emp'ror. Let him yell 'Bill! Oh, Bill!' out of th' window to Taft goin' by to stop him an' pull him in for a chin, an' they point out he's undignified. When he does a job of repairin' about th' place it comes out in their papers that he's cut a side door into th' White House, painted a sign, 'Family Entrance,' over it, an' intends runnin' that historical rookery as a road-house till further orders. That's a fine way to get Teddy to quit—a fine way, I don't think. If you want some sport to stick just pass him out a hot bunch of abuse an' threaten him; it's a four-to-one shot he not only stays but tears into you."

"Ye're r-r-right, Kell," interjected old Timmy, in a profound spirit of acquiescence; "it's as you say. Whin it comes to diplom'cy thim rich people is th' bum lot."

"Speakin' of Teddy," remarked a longshoreman who, across the table, had been listenin' with great interest; "they say he's over-engined for his beam."

"'They say,'" repeated Big Kelly sneeringly; "'they say!' You jump out some day an' swear to what 'they say,' an' Jerome'll get you a job up th' river f'r perjury. I tell you what, Jim"—and Big Kelly assumed an admonishing air—"when it comes to tearin' th' cargo out of a liner or gettin' action on a cotton hook, I'll string on you ag'inst any lad along th' beach. But remember, that's as far as you go. Because you can trot up a gangplank with a two-hundred-and-eighty-pound sack of coffee on your back is no reason for buttin' into a talk like this, thinkin' to get a fall out of questions of state. You stick to unloadin' th' boats; it's more your speed."

"If Tiddy," broke in old Timmy, somewhat to the relief of the longshoreman—"If Tiddy should shove this fat la-a-ad Taft wan side an' do th' runnin' himself, d'yez think they cud beat him, Kell?"

"Beat him?"—this with a large and catholic contempt. "Man, he'd walk home! Beat him? You might as well talk of puttin' down a Tong fight in Chinatown with a resolution of th' Board of Trade."

Good Roads and Good Times

BRINGING THE FARMER AND HIS MARKET TOGETHER

By Howard H. Gross, Chicago

SECRETARY OF FARMERS' GOOD ROADS LEAGUE OF ILLINOIS

Limestone Macadam Road at Johnson City, Tennessee

"THE schoolmaster and good roads are the most important agencies to advance civilization," declared the great Sumner, decades ago, in the United States Senate. The schoolmaster has done his work so well that his figure seems almost to fill the American horizon. But the good roads are most conspicuous by their absence.

The common highways of our country are the veins of commerce and civilized intercourse, as the railroads are the arteries. The greatest need in this country to-day for its larger social, educational and economic development is good roads. It outranks any other consideration except sound money and maintaining the public credit. I believe it is vastly more important to the people than the Panama Canal, the irrigation of the semi-arid lands of the West, or the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Waterway, essential as are these great enterprises. The world's food supply passes on wagons over country roads—that tells the story in a sentence. Any interruption of traffic upon our roads affects market conditions, resulting in an erratic and irregular delivery to meet a constant and uniform demand. The fact is that for a hundred years the products of the farm have been sold more upon the conditions of the roads than upon the requirements of the market.

The people now expect, with each recurring autumn, a money stringency more or less acute. The enormous amount of currency required to move the crops, amounting to over a hundred and fifty million dollars, comes all in a heap, upsets business conditions, demoralizes trade, advances interest rates and makes money tight.

The late financial unpleasantness, the memory of which will linger with us for some time, certainly was largely due to a feverish activity to move the crops to market before the season of bad roads set in. This made a violent drain upon the money centres for the currency necessary to finance this great transaction.

With ninety-two per cent. of all the highways of the country unimproved, practically the entire crop is more or less subject to the vicissitudes of road conditions. It does not seem to matter that only a small part of the crop is needed for immediate use; to move it to market is immediate and imperative. The attempt to do in two or three months what should extend over three times that period works always mischief, waste and sometimes disaster.

It is impossible for the railways to furnish the equipment to meet the excessive demand made upon them at these times; confusion and disorder follow. The wires from a hundred stations on the system are hot with messages calling for cars that cannot be had. As the trough of the wave succeeds the crest, so in a few weeks much of the car equipment that had been so urgently in demand stands idle on the storage tracks.

What say the men who have this great problem to deal with in a practical way? F. A. Delano, president of the Wabash Railway—a keen observer and a close student of all conditions affecting railroad traffic—declares:

> You have no idea to what extent bad roads affect railway traffic. We notice the fluctuations of business from week to week. The falling off due to bad roads is often as high as fifty per cent. of the business received at country stations. In the rush of the crop-moving season the railways are generally so swamped with business that an adequate equipment and prompt service is difficult, if not impossible.
>
> Uniformly good roads over the country would prolong the crop-moving period for several months, and thereby not only relieve the traffic congestion, but the financial situation as well. With good roads and equalization of the traffic, the railways could furnish better facilities to its patrons with ten to twenty per cent. less car equipment than at present, with the intermittent and erratic shipments. The greatest need of this country to-day is good roads.

A. J. Earling, president of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railway, says:

> The benefits of good roads could not be well overstated, as they apply to every one. From the railway viewpoint, they would make our stations accessible throughout the year, and tend to equalize the movement of freight and relieve the congestion that at times is very great, especially at the crop-moving season.

W. B. Biddle, third vice-president of the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific, the St. Louis and San Francisco, and the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railways, in charge of traffic, says:

> We are much interested in road improvement and consider it a subject in which the shipper and the carrier are mutually concerned. The bad condition of the country roads during certain seasons of the year when traffic is largely suspended results in congestion at other seasons, with the inability on the part of the carriers to handle it, while at other times the roads have a surplus of equipment that is unemployed because of the inability of the farmers to reach the stations. There is no question but that the improvement of the roads will result in a more equal distribution of traffic, enabling carriers to move it to the greater satisfaction of the public, with less cost to themselves.
>
> Our lines have studied this situation and have made repeated efforts through highway officials to create an interest in good-road movements, and have repeatedly offered to make exceptionally low rates upon material going into the construction of good roads. Our efforts in this direction are somewhat hampered by reason of such regulations requiring us to apply such rates as we may make for this specific business to all traffic of a similar character. It is, however, felt that some means can be found to overcome this.

There is another phase of this congestion to which the railway official cannot be expected to call attention: the fact that it forces the working of train crews for longer stretches than human nature can stand without rest and sleep—thereby entailing accidents and wrecks. This fact is indelibly written into railroad history.

The great bulk of the world's food supply passes into the great elevators in the grain centres, where it is subjected to a heavy storage charge, which in Chicago is equal to nine cents per bushel per year—whereas it could be stored upon the farm for one-third this expense. Scientifically, the produce should be moved from the point of production to the point of consumption no faster than it is needed. This plan would cheapen the foodstuffs at least ten per cent. The plan would make the cornering of the market by powerful grain speculators impossible. The storage capacity of the elevators of Chicago alone is said to be between fifty and sixty million bushels, giving a gross earning capacity of approximately five million dollars for storage alone. The producer and the consumer pay the bill. The same conditions obtain in Minneapolis, Duluth, Buffalo and other grain centres.

The following quotation from the market column of the Chicago Tribune is interesting reading in this connection:

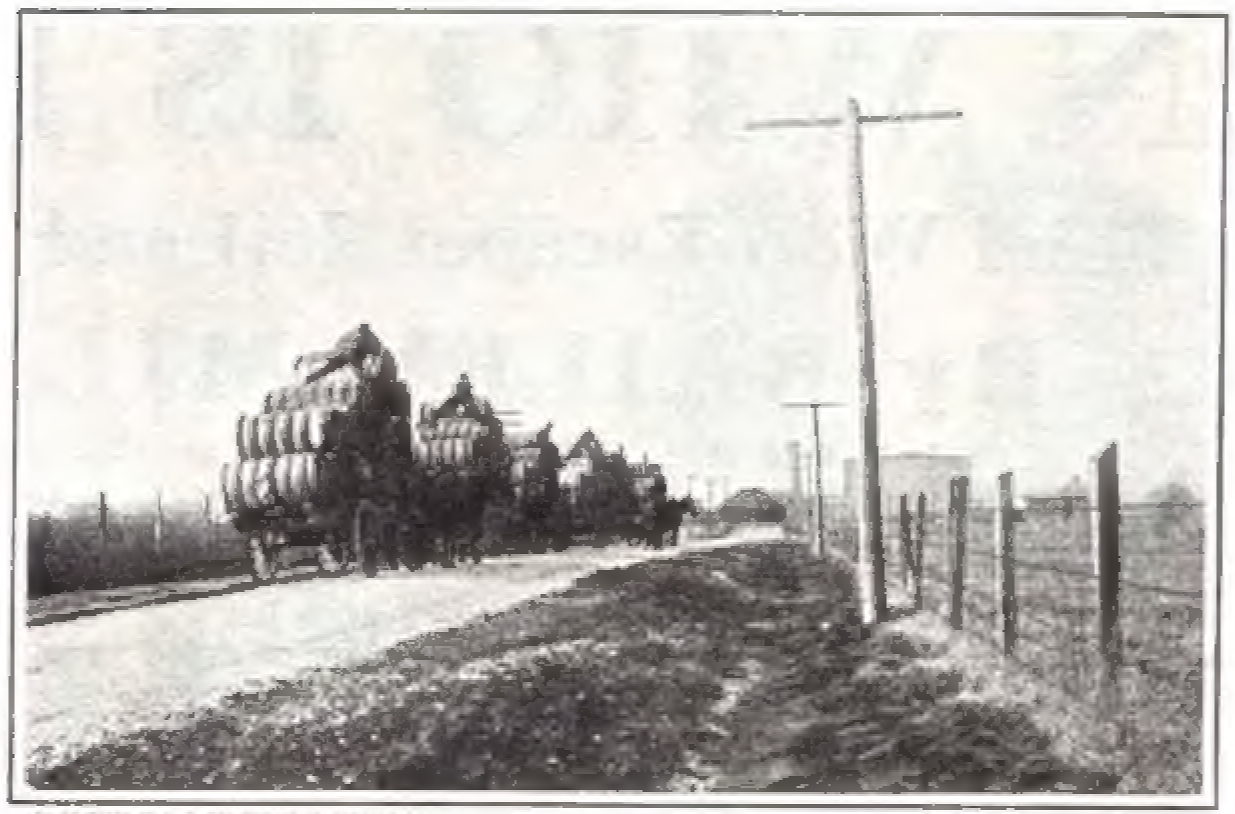
> Intoxicated by their success of the day before, bears in the wheat market yesterday pounded prices with merciless vigor. While almost everything on the news sheets favored their efforts, their greatest encouragement came from the material expression of bullish disheartedness. Liquidation by prominent longs was indulged in on an enormous scale, and it alone, to say nothing of the pressure of short selling, was sufficient to send values on their mad voyage downward. When the gong finally called a halt to the slaughter, net declines of 2¾ @ 2⅞ cents for May, 2¼ @ 2⅜ cents for July, and 2⅛ cents for September were shown. The close was not far above the session's lowest spots.
>
> There was a general scramble to sell. It was conservatively estimated four of the leading concerns dumped all of 10,000,000 bu., which, although absorbed, proved much more than the proverbial straw that broke the market's back.

The Relation of Good Roads to Milk

ANOTHER example of the effect of road conditions as applied to cities may be illustrated by the conditions of the milk supply of Chicago; and what is true of this city is more or less true of many others. Probably eight-tenths of the milk consumed in Chicago comes from the district north and west of the city, in the northern counties of Illinois and the southern counties of Wisconsin, where roads are uniformly good and the farmers and dairymen are able to meet the milk trains at all seasons regularly, with certainty and without inconvenience, affording them a profitable cash business throughout the year; while southwest and south of the city the improved roads are few and the delivery of milk from this quarter is correspondingly limited. If the roads in this direction for a distance of a hundred miles were improved as they are north and west, the area of supply would be doubled, and this would enable the city to buy milk at a reasonable price; whereas, now tens of thousands of the residents are prohibited from using this necessary product at all on account of the price, and tens of thousands more use it only in diminished quantities.

The need of the hour is the road-builder, and in no part of the continent is the need greater than in the Mississippi Valley, the granary of the world. In all that vast expanse, from Pittsburg to Denver and from the Lakes to the Gulf, is a land of surpassing fertility and almost boundless possibilities, peopled with men and women of marvelous energy, hopeful, self-reliant and prosperous beyond compare. Within two generations they have conquered the wilderness, swept the wigwam from the prairie and placed in its stead the comfortable, modern farm home. They have crossed and recrossed this great area with railroads, over which the traffic of an empire is carried. Is it not strange that a people who have given such splendid proof of their capacity to do great things should fail so signally in dealing with the public roads?

The greatest difficulty in building good roads is not the actual construction, or even the paying for them, but convincing the people locally that it can be done without burdensome or ruinous taxation. No community ever began the building of stone or gravel roads, usually called hard roads, without the most bitter opposition from farmers who would most largely benefit by the improvement. It is encouraging to know that no community ever began the building of hard roads that did not keep on doing so. When the taxpayers had had the experience of using the roads and paying for them, more roads were demanded, and soon those most violently opposed were found on the firing-line, fighting for more appropriations for road improvements.


By Courtesy of U. S. Department of Agriculture

A Hard Road at Jackson, Tennessee

Some Misconceptions About Roads

EXCEPT the splendid work in Indiana, Ohio and to some extent parts of Kentucky and a few counties only in Illinois, Wisconsin and Michigan, there has been too little accomplished in the way of permanent improvement to be worth mentioning. Indiana, with bond issues and by taxing cities of certain classes, has built nearly 25,000 miles of hard roads, being 35 per cent. of the total road mileage of the State.

Ohio ranks next with 33 per cent., Wisconsin 17, Kentucky 16, Michigan 10, Illinois 8, Missouri 2.5, Iowa 1.7 and Mississippi .38 per cent.

There must be a reason for this, and I believe it lies in certain *fundamental misconceptions*, chiefly these:

1. That the country highways are the farmer's roads and that it is his duty to improve and maintain them.
2. That the tax necessary properly and permanently to improve them would be an impossible burden.
3. That State aid is merely a scheme to force upon the farmers the building of good roads, instead of being an equitable plan of distributing the burden and lightening their load.

The fact is that the great social and economic benefits of good roads are not fully understood; that the advantages and economies possible under the improved condition far outweigh the burden of the tax measured in dollars and cents alone.

Some fifteen years ago it was discovered in New Jersey that the highways did not belong to the farmer, but were as much public property as the State House; that every resident of the State, through the markets, was affected for weal or woe by road conditions; and that the State, from the public treasury, ought to pay a part of the cost of road-building. This was the birth of State aid in America.

By Courtesy of U. S. Department of Agriculture

Road at Johnson City, Tennessee, Before Improvement

The good work spread rapidly throughout the East, State after State falling into line, until State aid obtains in fourteen States—Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, Vermont, New Hampshire, Maine, Virginia, Ohio and Michigan—all, save two, east of the Alleghanies. In the West, Michigan has a unique law whereby the State pays a certain bounty for every mile of good roads built, ranging from two hundred and fifty dollars to one thousand dollars per mile, according to the class of the improvement, irrespective of the cost of it.

New Jersey began State aid with an appropriation of fifty thousand dollars. This soon grew into two hundred and fifty thousand dollars per year. Pennsylvania began with one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and in a few years was expending over a million a year. New York's fifty thousand dollars has in a few years grown into a Constitutional amendment providing for a bond issue of fifty million dollars, available at the rate of five million dollars a year. The farmers, who at the start opposed the plan, now stand, like Oliver Twist, pleading for "more."

One of the best features of State aid is that the improvements must be made under expert supervision. This insures good results. The attempt to build roads without such supervision is a waste of money. No farmer would undertake to build a house or a barn without experienced mechanics, yet he often thinks he can build roads when he cannot.

A few years ago Congress established, under the Department of Agriculture, a Public Roads Office, for the purpose of gathering data upon the building and maintenance of highways, the various methods of construction, the locating and testing of road material, the building of object-lesson roads, and in general for the promoting of highway improvement. This office, under the direction of Mr. Logan Waller Page, has more than justified the expectations of its friends, and although the appropriations have been meagre and ought to be at least doubled, its influence is being felt throughout the country and is leading to better things. I believe it will do its part in making the administration of Secretary James Wilson the most varied and valuable in the history of the Government.

Shortening Mileage by Improving Roadbeds

DISTANCE is no longer measured by the yardstick, but by the clock's tick. Good roads make short miles, bad roads long ones.

The best products of the farms are neither corn nor cattle, but intelligent, progressive boys and girls. With bad roads as a barrier to free and easy intercourse between the farm and the city, and the absence of the needed social life, the young mind is warped, the soul narrowed by prejudice, and sound, symmetrical education and growth rendered difficult, if not impossible. It must be admitted that, from end to end of our country, one of the greatest drawbacks to education and the greatest drag on spiritual, mental and moral development is the hindrance to free social intercourse between the farm and the city, by reason of bad and, at times, impassable roads.

The annual mud-road embargo is one of the "permanent plagues" of the Middle-West States. The Illinois Highway Commission has been gathering some very interesting data upon the effect of road conditions upon traffic along the public highways at all seasons of the year. Observations were taken simultaneously near seventy-two towns and cities upon stated days in each month. The roads are the worst in the winter and spring and the best in the summer and fall. The results show that the traffic is fairly uniform through the year where there are hard roads, while travel in all of the mud-road districts shows a falling off of from one-half to three-fourths for February, March and April, as compared with the summer months. For example:

An earth road leading into Springfield, Illinois, in March showed a daily average of 65½ vehicles passing. Over the same road in June and July the average was 389. Upon the same day near Peoria, on a macadam road, the count was, March 166, June 145. An earth road near Carbondale gave 28 for March and 187 for June. The same time over gravel roads near Decatur the count

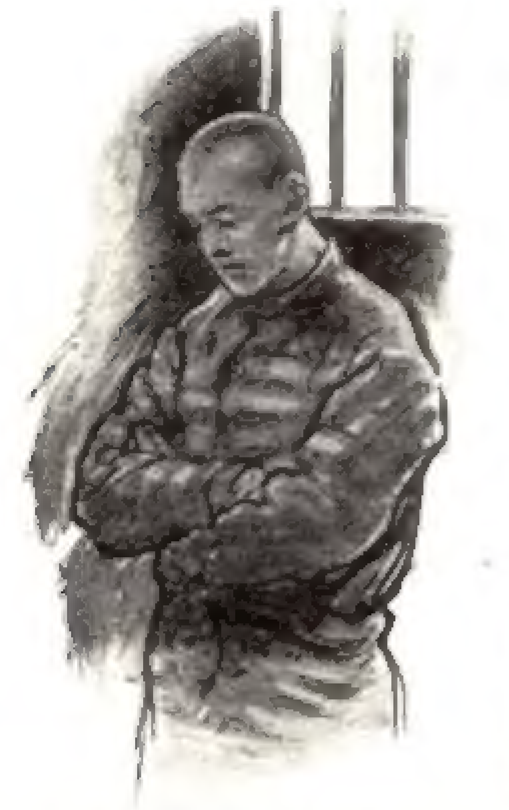
(*Concluded on Page 20*)

THE MAN WHO IS LET OFF

The Big Thief Who Escapes Jail and How He is Punished

By BAILEY MILLARD

ILLUSTRATED BY F. L. FITHIAN



Had Helped Himself to a Hundred and Fifty Dollars of the Firm's Money

A DISGRACEFUL thing had happened, and the old financier was unspeakably shocked and humiliated. His son had just slunk out of his presence after admitting that he had dipped into the funds of a trust company in which he was interested and had misappropriated fifty thousand dollars, which he had sunk in "the Street."

"They have discovered the shortage at the bank," the young man had said. "They suspect me, and I'm in for it. Can't you see the manager and head 'em off? If you don't, they'll land me in jail."

The father had looked at his son harshly out of his gray-browed eyes and said:

"That's what they ought to do. You should be made to take your medicine; but for your mother's sake, and for the sake of my business reputation, I'll see the bank people and find out what can be done."

And so now, before putting on his hat and going to the bank, the old man was sitting alone in his private office, leaning over his desk, chin in hand, thinking. It was the most gloomy hour of his life. In this terribly depressed state he thought of many things—of his son's extravagance, of his gambling escapades, and how his mother would grieve if she were to know of this latest and greatest misdoing. But there was one vital, one essential thing that never once occurred to the old financier, and that was that he himself, in his long, predatory business career, had, over and over again, come so closely within the limits of the law and, over and over again, had so overstepped all moral bounds in his eager clutch for gold, that if there was anything in heredity, as all students of biological phenomena declare there is, then this son was but the blundering follower of his father's ethical code. But this idea did not enter his head. One great element in the situation dominated all others—the likelihood of his son's prosecution and of that far greater evil—publicity. Yes, he must go at once and "square the thing up."

He ordered his auto and in five minutes was at the bank.

"I'm awfully sorry," said the manager, "but the affair is all out of our hands now. A warrant has just been issued for your son's arrest. The surety people insisted upon it. It's too bad, but we had to do it."

Arrest! Never—though he had richly deserved it a score of times—had this worthy manipulator of shady bond issues, stock-watering jobs and other piratical schemes, been arrested.

"Oh, but you can recall the warrant," he pleaded with the manager. "I'll square it." He produced his checkbook. "I'll square the whole amount and interest this minute. You mustn't prosecute him, you know."

"Very, very sorry," said the manager. "But, you see, the surety company who bonded him wouldn't stand for it. It's an object to them to prosecute. The moral effect, you know. It's a matter of business with them."

"Hang the moral effect! He's got to be let off, do you hear? If you won't do it, I'll go to the president, and all the directors, if necessary."

The Rich Man's Way of Saving His Son

THE old man left the bank in a rage for having wasted his time on a mere manager, and sought the president, who was an old business friend of his. They had stood in together on many a deal. The president hemmed and hawed. Yes, he would be glad to oblige him. But it was a hard case to straighten out. The surety company——

"Oh, come with me to Mac's office," urged the anxious father. "We'll fix it up with him."

Mac was the president of the surety company, and, when the matter was laid before him, he, too, was very sorry. Of course, he had something to say about the "moral effect," and that it was really against the rules of the institution and all that; but, if the shortage were made good at once, he would waive these considerations. It was made good. The president telephoned to his manager to recall the warrant and stop all proceedings, and the old financier went back to his office, lighter of heart because of the removal of the blot, but still in a thoughtful mood.

"It would have served the young rascal right if he had been sent to jail," he said; "but we simply couldn't have that."

So the young rascal, instead of being sent to jail, was sent to Europe to join the select company of exiled sons of wealthy Americans—the luxurious refugees who fly over the continent in the swiftest touring-cars, yet can never run away from the pursuing wraith of hereditary habit.

Of course, everybody in the business world came to know of the hushed-up affair about which nobody was supposed to know a word; and none was shocked, because the young man had done just about what all the wiseheads had predicted he would do. The professional point-giver, who had profited by the young fellow's dishonesty, eager for another chance at him, started the usual saying that what he had done was "more an error of judgment than a breach of faith," and when this wise apothegm had gone the rounds for a few weeks, with the usual expressions of sympathy for the young man and his family, and when, after a year, the half-forgotten and time-vindicated prodigal returned from Europe, he was given a high-salaried place in his father's employ, where he is being taught safer but no less dishonest methods of making away with other people's money.

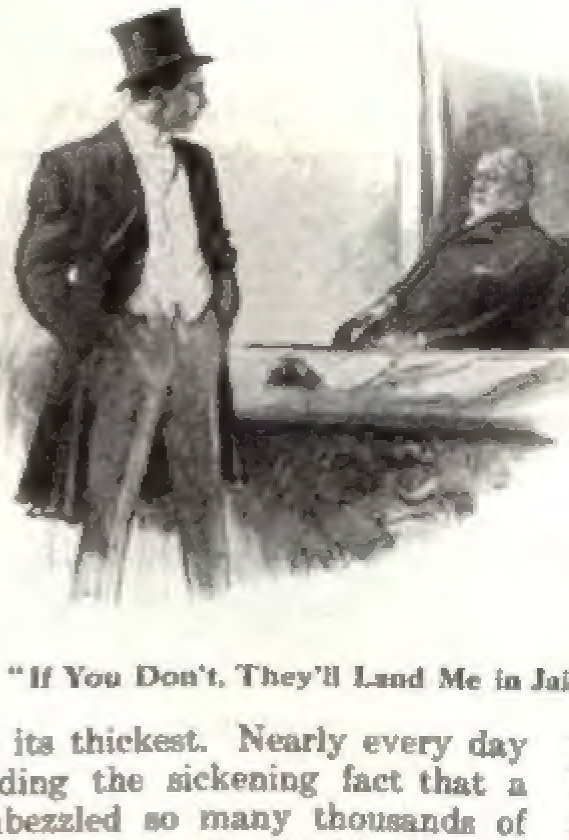
Wealth a Protection Against Punishment

HERE we have the man who is let off. In the big financial and commercial centres all over the country they will tell you that there are a great many of him, and that the more wealth he has accumulated, or is surrounded by, the less likelihood there will be of his ever being punished for his crime.

Trust-violating sins, as we have seen in many newspaper pages during the past few years, are so plated with gold that often the strong lance of justice is not even pointed at them. We have had many examples of this, looming like the Bartholdi statue, in both the railroad and trust-company plunderings where the looters feel so secure in their looting that, when a valiant President utters a protest against them, the colossal, yet self-assured, righteous malefactors compel the unwitting sympathy of much of the business world by what virtually amounts to the plea that unless they, the said malefactors, are permitted to keep their feet in the trough, there must be panics and planetary disturbances. As if we, the most lenient people on earth—a natural-born race of "Come-ons," as every shady promoter, every man with a scheme, every bucket-shop broker, every wire-tapper, bookmaker and shell-game operator in the whole country knows—needed any further instructions in the gentle art of how to be held up gracefully and smilingly, how to turn the other cheek and to encourage our defrauders by letting them go scot-free and scatheless!

The man who is let off. I wonder if the people realize to what a tremendously, and to what a viciously, wide extent he *is* let off.

Take New York, where the money is and where the predatory band flocks at its thickest. Nearly every day one sees headlines parading the sickening fact that a trusted manager has embezzled so many thousands of dollars, or the officer of a bank or other institution has misappropriated so many hundreds of thousands, or, what is just as felonious and more degrading in its effect, that a man of "high finance" has put through a shady bond issue on a real or paper railroad, or so irrigated his stock as to make two or more shares grow where one grew before, and thereby garnered millions. How many of these men are convicted and sent to prison? The great mass of them get off, and nearly all, with occasional exceptions, are still doing business at the old stand.



"If You Don't, They'll Land Me in Jail"

"I fear that the tendency not to prosecute is growing," admitted the officer of one of the big New York surety companies to me the other day. "Of course, this is dead against our own office principles; but, where the amount of our bond is made good, what can we do against capitalistic clamor that the case be dropped? There are many men in high positions of trust in this city to-day whom no surety company would dream of bonding. How are they bonded? By private individuals of great wealth with whom they have direct business dealings, and who, for their own peculiar reasons, are willing to take the risk. Wherever it is possible we eliminate all dangerous characters, and we don't wait for a man to become dishonest before we strike him off our list.

"We always regard the son of very rich parents with special distrust. We watch him carefully and, as soon as he exhibits sporting tendencies, which most of them do sooner or later, we eliminate him. We will have no hard drinkers, no gamblers. We do not prefer men who belong to dozens of clubs or fraternities, nor good fellows generally. Such a man is not a good risk. Very often the more friends he has the weaker he is morally. He relies upon them to help him out of trouble. He rallies them to his aid to make up a deficit. That kind of thing is bad for us. Our policy, which should be the public policy, is to prosecute; and misguided friends and relations often make it hard for us by helping such a man, and really, though they don't seem to know it, they are compounding a felony.

"What proportion of defaulters get into public print? A small one—not thirty per cent. What proportion of public defaulters go to prison? Not ten per cent. Even where a man is prosecuted for embezzlement, the tendency of the jury is to let him off. The yearly losses of all bonding companies would be much smaller if there were more prosecutions. Besides, we want to see the malefactors in jail because they deserve it. But too many of them are let off."

The Big Thief Too Often Escapes

IN NEW YORK, as is shown by the records of District Attorney Jerome's office, the big thief nearly always goes free. Of 3274 cases of grand larceny—under which head come the embezzlements—in the years 1905 and 1906, there were only three cases of conviction in which the sum named in the records was fifty thousand dollars or over. The great mass of the other convictions was for the stealing of sums ranging from one hundred dollars to one thousand dollars. Your big thief, even where the law lays its hands upon him, gets off; your little thief is likely to go to jail. But even the little offenders' chances are good—better than two to one. For of 11,037 cases of grand larceny reported by the chief clerk of the District Attorney of New York for the seven years ended December 31, 1906, there were 6637 cases acquitted, discharged or dismissed, and there were only 4400 convictions. The fact that there have been a few more convictions for embezzlement in 1907 than in the previous year in nearly all the large cities, is merely the result of there having been a much greater number of embezzlements, and does not mark a growing tendency to prosecute, as some misinformed writers seem to think. Any person who speaks with full knowledge of the situation will say that there is no such tendency, save in the cases of boodling public officers, and those of the trust officials who have been fined for receiving railroad rebates.

How many presidents of trust companies who have loaned millions of their depositors' money to themselves are now languishing in prison cells?

And here it is well to note the significant fact that not three months after the occurrence of the deplorable affair in which the son of the financier whose troubles were related in the beginning of this article was sent to Europe, instead of to jail, for stealing fifty thousand dollars, a young collector in that same financier's employ, who had helped himself to a hundred and fifty dollars of the firm's money, was convicted and sentenced to four years in the State prison. How do you, reader, who luckily live a thousand miles from Wall Street, suppose that such examples of the making of fish of this big crime and flesh of that small one are regarded by the sleek gentlemen who do business there? Such a man solemnly told me across a table in a café the other day, when I discussed the matter with him, that it would have been a keener disgrace for the high-salaried financier's son to have gone to jail than it was for the collector.

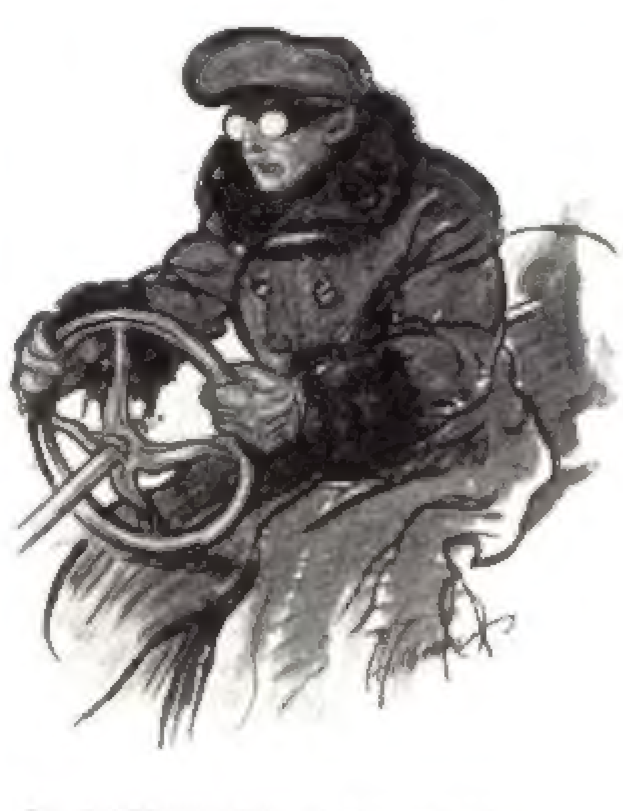
"How keener?" I asked. "Are they not both human beings, presumedly endowed with like sensibilities?"

"I admit that they are both human, and it is natural for you to argue that both are capable of about the same degrees of suffering, according to temperament. But just consider the difference in their situations in life: how far-reaching would have been the consequences in the case of the young financier and how limited those in the case of the collector! By going to prison the millionaire's son would have disgraced not only himself, his father and mother, but his father's business associates and those of his own; and think of the matter of prestige involved on the side of the financial misdoer! The collector had no prestige to lose."

Such is actually one Wall Street point of view! It naturally follows a long course of training in the devious methods of the market. It is the fruit of that tree of abnormally luxuriant growth of which to eat is to make one lose one's sense of ethical proportion and of wholesome old-fashioned copybook morality. Once the man of high finance has admitted that the disgrace is all in going to prison he admits what has been vicariously stated for him a thousand times over; but when he holds that the disgrace is keener because the disgraced man is rich and involves other rich men in his downfall (bear in mind that by "downfall" is not meant the crime, but the punishment of it), he has entered upon a hopeless phase of the philosophy of finance, and we see that our moral train has carried us past our station and dumped us out in the dark. This is rather a long and, perhaps, brutal sentence, but it states the case; and what is the good of mincing matters?

What my financial friend said in elucidation of his position—which is that of so many of his fellows—was characteristic.

"You speak of human susceptibility," he said. "You want a comparison. Let me tell you something: I happen to know that the subway ticket-sellers of New York are all under bonds of three to five thousand dollars each. They are, for the most part, honest, high-moraled men, but there are also many dishonest men among them. Why? Because the subway is a great whispering gallery, and up and down the length of the big tube runs a constant undertone among the men who handle the money—over two thousand dollars a day at some of the big stations—as to how this or that fingerer of multitudinous nickels has 'beaten the company.' In the course of time, these whisperings and this discussion come to have their effect upon many employees. The company becomes a colossal cash register to some of these men and they are imbued with a single idea—'How can we beat it?' When this idea of beating the company gets into the head of a man, you can readily understand where it will lead him. And it is the same on the elevated roads and the surface lines, and not only in New York but in every other great city in the country. It is a sort of game, this 'beating the company,' and the men who engage in it become reckless, defiant, insolent."



So the Young Rascal, Instead of Being Sent to Jail, was Sent to Europe to Join the Select Company of Exiled Sons of Wealthy Americans

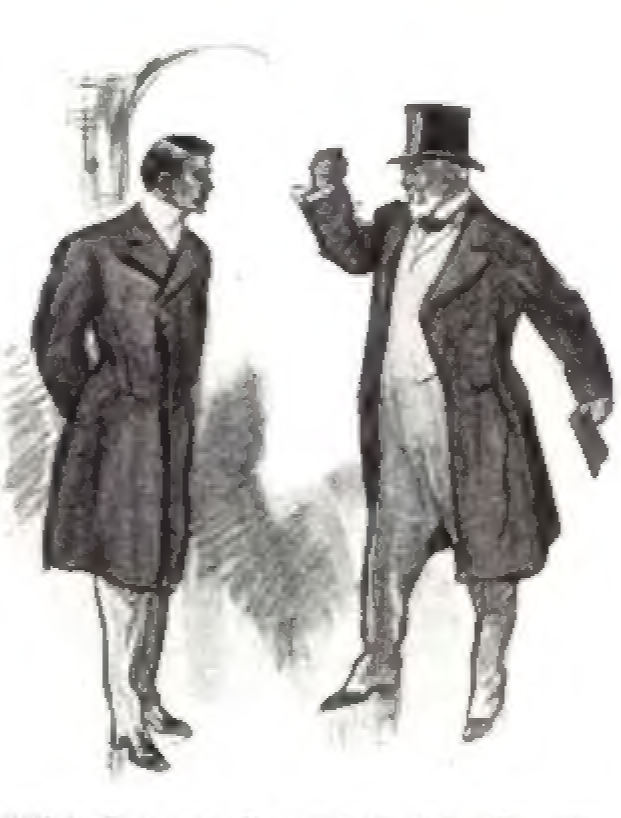
"On the other hand," I suggested, "you have in Wall Street bigger men engaged in a bigger game, no less dishonest, but who regard being jailed as a deep and lasting disgrace, and who claim, in nearly every case, the privilege of being let off."

"Oh, you don't see the point!" he declared petulantly. "Let's talk about something else."

But I am convinced that I *did* see the point and still see it, and the point is that the same reasoning is no longer applied by too many to the dishonest man who handles other people's dollars that is applied to the man who handles other people's nickels; that the dollar man is protected and upheld by an ingeniously widespread and constantly growing sympathy among his fellows and a public that fears panics and accepts many things rather than to undergo them, while the nickel man receives no such sympathy.

Of course, this is only a new way of restating an old condition, but it is a condition which has of late years become more and more far-reaching and deep-seated in this country.

In England and Germany the man who is let off is a rare being and he is let off only for a very good reason. But wealth, position in society and in business, and particularly the position in which the defaulter is able to implicate others not yet found out, poor reasons as they are, are often reasons enough on this side of the water. The culprit goes free and continues to hold up his head, as much as to say, "I'm a part of the financial system of this country and you can't down me." Is not some part of that insolence alleged by my Wall Street friend as being the property of ticket-choppers and nickel-rakers reflected here, or have the men of those humbler walks of life a monopoly of it? Did you mark what the surety officer said about the rich man's son? "We always regard him with distrust." Is it strange, therefore, with this feeling in the minds of the most conservative of business men, that, when the son of the millionaire makes a man of himself, the world regards him as a novel and curious spectacle?



"He's Got to be Let Off, Do You Hear?"

In rare cases the man of finance who violates a great trust and is let off does make a man of himself. I know of an example where a reckless scion of plutocracy who made away with nearly two hundred thousand dollars and sunk it in "the Street" managed, by strained effort, to rally his friends about him, to secure loans to the amount of his embezzlement and to beg off from his threatened prosecutors. Straightway, that particular gilded youth awoke, went West, and engaged in a legitimate lumber business, where he prospered, paid up and has been as honest as they make 'em ever since.

But, as a rule, this standing by a defaulter is a sorry business. It bolsters up boodlery.

But in a high and worthy sense—a sense in which mere priggishness has nothing to do—the men who go to jail receive no worse punishment than those who keep out of it. Aside from newspaper stings and storms, and public criticism of all kinds, which sometimes cause fatal mental anguish, aside from the scorn of decent men and women, aside from the mere matter of conscience (for that, in time, may become callous), consider the fate of the financial malefactor who is never prosecuted. Never prosecuted? He is prosecuted every day, every hour of his life, by that steadily fattening and always coarsening demon of degeneracy that is slowly pulling him down. The fact that he may not be conscious of his miserable fate, or that his friends in the same pirate's boat with him overlook it, argues nothing. His depravity is there, and every discerning eye can see it, and can see, too, that his sins will be visited upon his children even unto the third and fourth generation.

So that the man who is let off—be he multi-millionaire or bookkeeper—is *not* let off. He is "let in" for a punishment as bad as that of the ancient stocks. He is caught, and the oftener he escapes from the clutches of our absurd system of penality, the tighter is he gripped and squeezed and strangled.

In this connection I am reminded of what old John Muir, the mountaineer and Nature-lover, once said to a multi-millionaire. The financier was on board a steamer, and had just heard Muir, who is no respecter of persons, discoursing on the evils of great wealth.

"Yes," said the financier, at the close of it, "but every man wants to be rich—to be a millionaire. You want to be one yourself, Mr. Muir, and you know it."

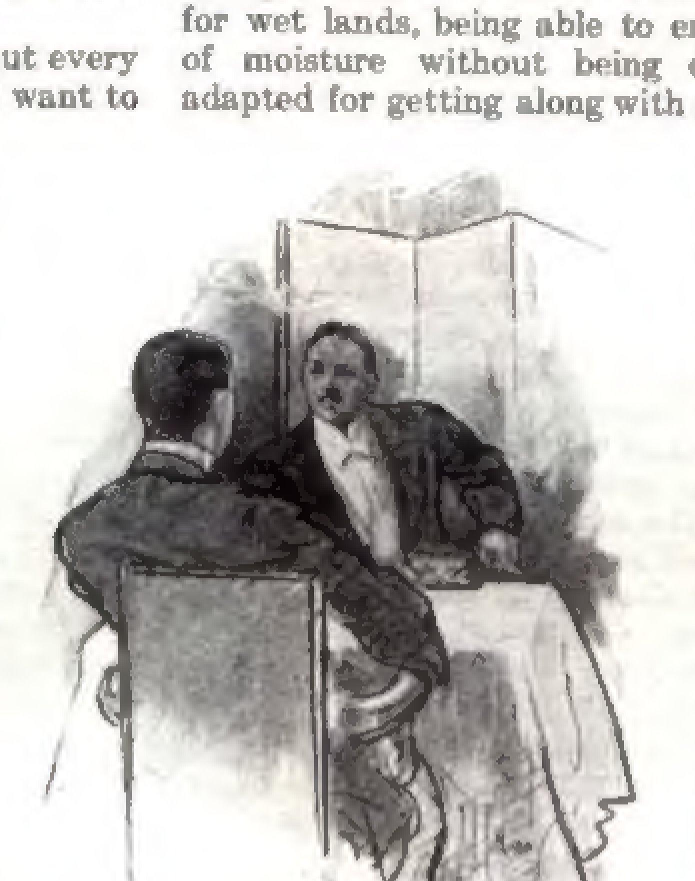
The old mountaineer, who is satisfied with a diet of dry bread and tea when off exploring Alaskan glaciers, looked at the multi-millionaire out of his frank gray eyes and said:

"No, I can honestly say that I don't want to be one of you men of millions."

"Why?" asked the financier incredulously.

"Because, in the first place, you carry too heavy a pair of blankets, and, in the second place, you have to renounce so many of the things that make life worth while."

Millions gained in any way nearly always cost too much, but what the millions made dishonestly cost the men who make them God only knows. In some cases to be sent to a prison cell would be getting off very cheaply. But they cannot understand that. It is hard for any of us to understand it. For, in a milder sense than Mr. Whitlock has expressed the idea in his recent book, we are, by reason of our present social organization, all criminals; and, lest we forget, let it always be borne in mind that for none of us is there any letting off save what may follow the close adherence to righteous resolutions that spring from an humble and a contrite heart.



"By Going to Prison the Millionaire's Son Would Have Disgraced Not Only Himself, His Father and Mother, but His Father's Business Associates"

Prizes in Plants

Red Blackberries, Bush Cherries and Other Strangers to the United States

THE most difficult and dangerous work in the line of agricultural exploration as yet accomplished for our Government has been done during the last year by the intrepid Dr. Frank N. Meyer, who crossed and recrossed the lofty mountains of Northern Korea and Southern Manchuria, passing through a region never before traversed by a white man, and incidentally securing some very tempting prizes in the shape of plants hitherto unknown. Among them were red blackberries; cherries that grow on bushes (useful, inasmuch as they bear in April, for crossing with our own tree cherries), and a delicious wild species of apricot that is the fruit of a tree ten feet in circumference.

Bud-bearing cuttings of these plants, wrapped with waxed tape and done up in scientifically-made bundles to retain moisture and keep the precious specimens fresh, have already been received by the Department of Agriculture, together with many others, including some wonderful new Siberian roses, a species of hawthorn that produces an edible fruit, and a curious vine from China, hitherto unheard of, called by the botanists "Actinidia." This vine, which is hardy enough to be grown in Virginia and North Carolina, bears fruits as large as good-sized plums, which have a flavor resembling that of the gooseberry.

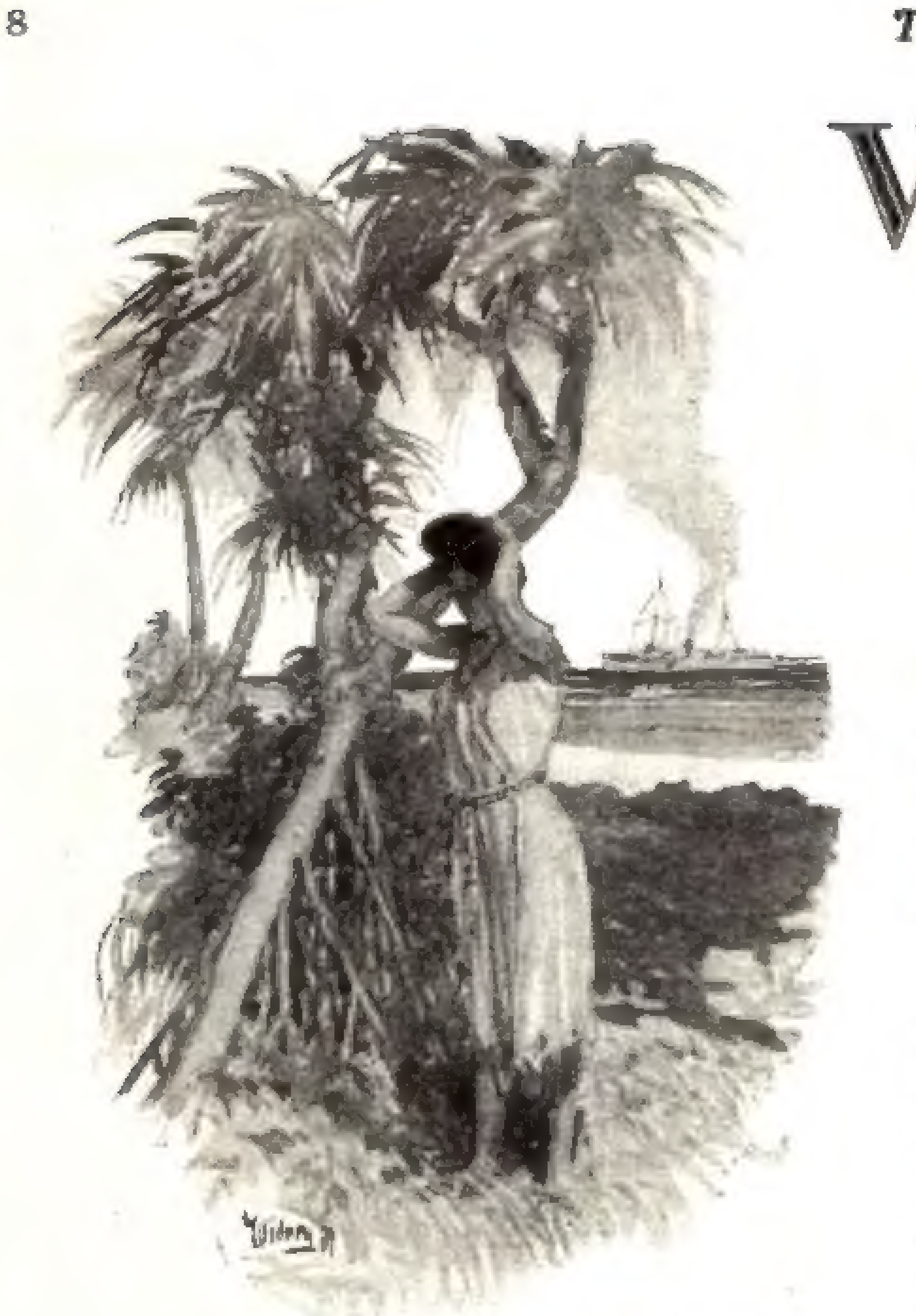
In the mean time other agricultural explorers have been busy. From Central China they have brought, for planting in the Gulf States, seeds of the wood-oil tree, which yields one of the most valuable drying oils of commerce. The prospect that this oil will soon be produced in our own country possesses utmost interest for manufacturers of varnish.

From Moscow have been fetched so-called "alcohol potatoes"—very large and coarse tubers, hardly fit for human food, but very rich in starch and suitable for the distillation of alcohol for use as fuel. Coming as they do from the dry Steppes of Russia, these potatoes promise well for planting on our Great Plains.

The oddest feature of recent exploration work of this sort, however, has been a search for new kinds of maize, or Indian corn. It has been conducted, under the direction of the Government Plant Bureau, in the Central American region, whence this kind of grain originally came. Many centuries before Columbus landed, the usefulness of the corn plant, which grew wild in the highlands of Mexico, was discovered by the natives of that country, who cultivated it and spread a knowledge of it abroad. Thus the cereal was commonly grown by the Indians all over the United States by the time the first white settlers arrived in the New World.

It was thought that, by going back to the scene of the earliest cultivation of corn, discovery might be made of primitive varieties useful for special purposes. With this idea in view, the explorers have scoured not only Mexico, but also the five Central American republics, and even Colombia; and, as a result, they have secured several most odd and interesting kinds of maize, the value of which for our own agricultural employment lies in the fact that they have become "specialized," as the scientific folks say, for local conditions of moisture, drought or high altitude. In other words, some of them are suited for wet lands, being able to endure almost any amount of moisture without being drowned out; others are adapted for getting along with a minimum of water, while yet others will do well at lofty elevations.

It is thought that the drought-resisting varieties will be particularly useful in our arid Southwest. Several of these were found growing without irrigation in extremely dry places. Some have thickened stalks for storing a water supply for their own use, while others possess elongated and thickened husks which appear to have no other object than to protect the ears against the corn worm. Experimental plantings of them have already been made at San Antonio, Texas, and at half a dozen other points where lack of rain renders the growing of maize difficult.



She was Rescued Now

VAITI THE QUEEN

The Lonely Island

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

AUTHOR OF VAITI OF THE ISLANDS

ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY

ALONE on the island!

Upon a heap of broken coral, white and tinkling as shards of china, a woman sat and looked out to sea. Beyond the dazzling strip of beach—beyond the encircling moat of green lagoon and the surf that crumbled softly on the barrier reef—only the emptiness of the vast Pacific. Clinging to the skirts of the main island, some few hundred yards away, a small sandy bay, barren and covered with screaming gulls. Overhead, a sky of cruel blue and a stabbing sun; all around, the naked indigo ring of the unbroken horizon. No more.

The island was long and narrow, about a mile in length by a quarter of a mile or less in width. At the far end it rose into a small hill shaped like an inverted teacup, but the rest was flat. There were a good many cocoa palms about the shore, and, farther in, a tangle of miscellaneous trees and bushes, some few of which bore small red or yellow berries, poisonous for the most part. The scrub was in no place very thick; here and there the underlying coral had failed to secure a covering, so that large white rockeries, exquisitely entwined with bright green vines, sprang up through the undergrowth, giving an odd appearance of cultivation to the place, which was further increased by the neat shrubberies of shiny-leaved, star-flowered bushes that here and there sloped downward to the shore.

A cruel day—a day of smiting, blinding heat, sharply reflected up from the glaring levels of the lagoon. A day to make a castaway pray for the death that the sea had spared—above all, if the castaway knew how far away from all track of steamer or even sailing-vessel was this sun-blasted splash of land, with its inhospitable, untrodden shores and its terrible silences.

And she who sat there on the desolate beach, friendless, houseless and alone, had been a few brief weeks before rich, powerful and a queen.

What did she see as she looked out across the blinding levels of the ocean waste, her head sunk in her hands, her dark, weary, beautiful face turned toward the empty horizon?

She saw a handsome, half-caste girl wandering the seas at the side of her father, a disgraced and broken Englishman whose history no man knew, though there were those who hinted that, had all been told which never was told, Vaiti, the girl, might have had a British title to add to her island name. She saw a swift schooner, notorious for adventures even among the unscrupulous vessels of the wild South Seas, and herself as the moving spirit in almost every adventure. Lovers she saw, and one she had liked well, but left, for marriage was not in his heart, and a throne was in her grasp in those days. She saw an island kingdom, small, yet happy, rich, sunny, full of song and music, of fruits and fat things, moonlight dances under the orange trees, festivals of a merry brown people who owned her as queen, and her native husband, handsome, weak and easily swayed, as king. She saw a gaudy, toylike palace and a throne, where she sat beside the silent king, giving judgments, issuing "tabus," receiving gifts and homage. There was some weariness in the picture too, for the wild creature of the seas had pined a little in her splendid prison on shore, and the tang of the bitter wine of danger and adventure was ill-replaced by the cloying sweets of luxury and a love uncared for. There was, at last, uprising of the wild drop in her blood again, plottings and intriguings, acts of open tyranny, repaid by more than one attempt upon her life, arrogant trampling down of native prejudices and customs—at last, war among the islanders, calling down the intervention of the British Crown authorities, who had long had an eye on Liali, and ending in a protectorate, which so limited the powers of the monarchy that it was scarcely a monarchy at all.

Then—the last act. She saw it all as she looked out at the sharp-cut horizon with her handsome eagle eyes—all the dismay and confusion of the king's last illness, which was nothing more nor less than appendicitis, but which the already exasperated people insisted on putting down to poison administered by the ambitious queen—the gorgeous funeral feasts and ceremonies, through the midst of which ever muttered the growing thunder that threatened the queen's life—the sudden resolve taken in the moonless dark of the night that preceded the burial—the cutter hurriedly provisioned, loosened from the rickety wooden wharf and flying out to sea before the dawn had begun to glow behind the palms—the awful storm that came up with daylight and drove her hopelessly far away from the British-owned islands where she had looked to find shelter and protection—the three dreadful weeks that followed, drifting in a battered, mastless boat with provisions and water running out and only a compass as guide to position—the return of the wild weather again, and, last, the wrecking of the cutter here on this isolated island, hopelessly out of the track of ships, with little food and only cocoanuts for drink, and, so far as Vaiti could at present see, no hope whatever of getting away.

Vaiti of the Islands had been in tight corners before. She had once been marooned on a leper island, and had not only escaped from it, but had managed to wreck the schooner which had kidnaped her. But she had a boat then, and she had friends to go to when her escape was made. Now she had no boat, her husband was dead and her father drowned in far Tahiti, where he had been overtaken by a hurricane tidal wave on one of the low islands. The schooner had escaped and was down in Auckland, legally her property; but what good could that do her now?

She had been a week on the island and knew all its resources. Her own were limited to the big knife which never left her side, and the clothes she stood in. By all accepted canons of shipwreck the contents of the cutter, such as they were, should have drifted ashore the day after the wreck. They did not, however, as there happened to be a strong off-shore current close to the point where the little vessel came to grief on the rocks, and not so much as a stick or a sail ever reappeared. Vaiti herself had had the hardest fight of all her life to swim to land, and had been swept almost past the point in doing it.

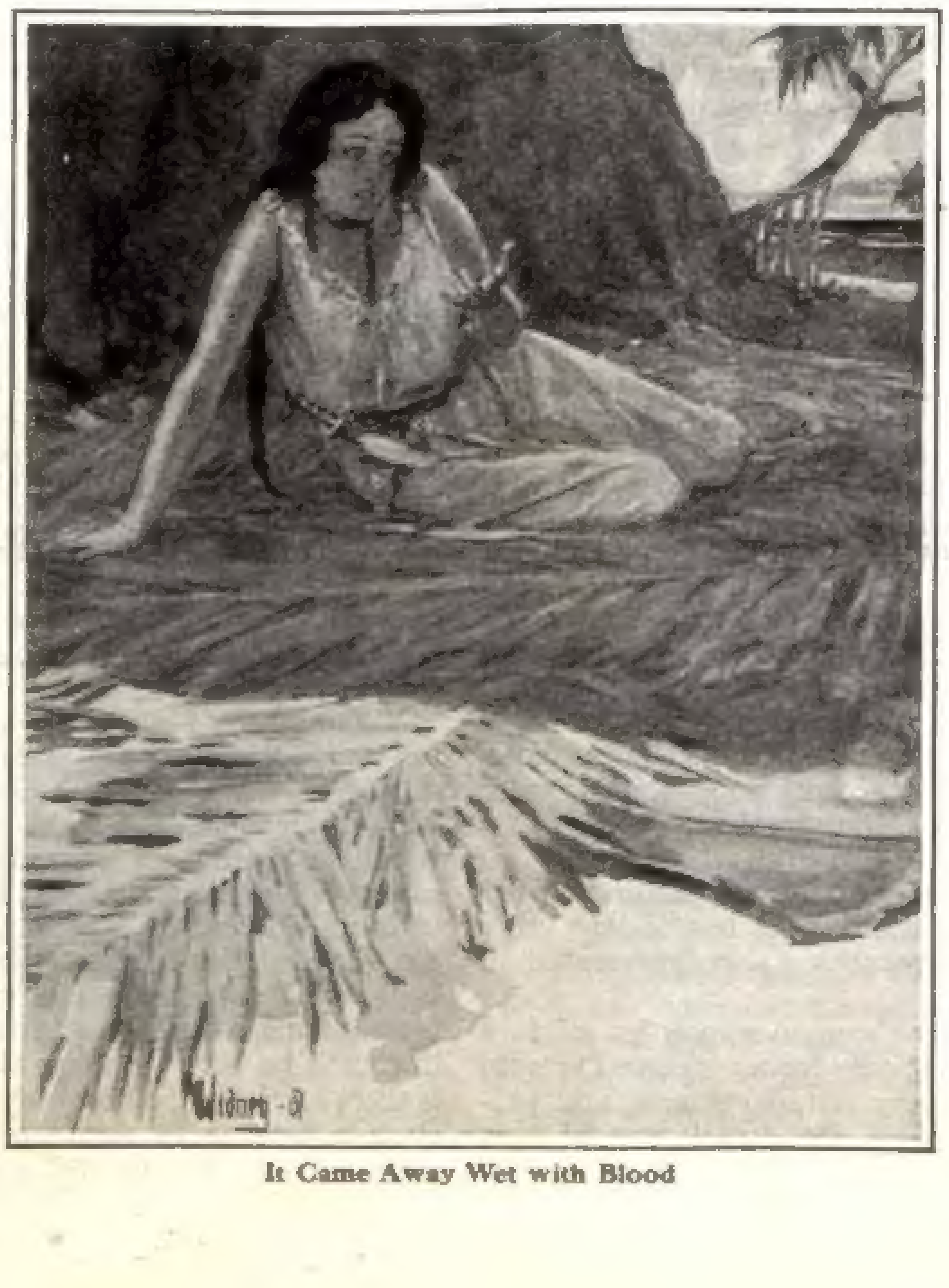
She built herself a shelter of woven palm-leaves after a night's rest on the shore and set about finding a paper mulberry tree the same day. Being lucky enough to discover a few she stripped the biggest of its bark, took out the fine inner fibres and twisted them into fishing-line, island fashion. Then she took a splinter of shell and ground it down into a fishhook on a piece of coral. With these and her knife, converted into a fishing-spear by the aid of a pole and a strip of bark cord, she did not want for food. The kernels of the straggling pandanus or screw-pine, never absent from a Pacific beach, furnished her with something that made a rude substitute for bread when pounded and pressed. A pile of fine soft matting gathered from the young shoots of the cocoanut palm made a bed that was almost luxurious. Cooking was easy to manage in a hole scraped in the ground and heated by a fire of driftwood and cocoanut husks, and even the want of matches could not trouble one of island blood who could make a fire in a minute or two by scraping a little trench in a bamboo and rubbing a pointed stick smartly up and down in it. For bodily needs, then, Vaiti was not so ill provided.

It was at night, when the six-o'clock dark had come down like a shutter, and the beach and the bush began to wail and whisper with melancholy, unexplained sounds, that the gloom of the island descended upon the soul of the castaway. Life in the open brings countless tasks during the daylight. A man cast away in such a spot must become a slave to the cooking-fire and its insatiate demands. He must spend weary hours gathering fuel. He must coax and bank up the flame, he must take half of the precious daylight hours to cook a single meal and the other half to find the next. He must find water and carry it, or cut down nuts, if there be no water, and painfully husk and open them. Life without the countless, unnoted lifts and helps given by fellow-creatures and civilized manufactures becomes one long slavery to the means of its own continuance. But it is this very slavery that has saved many an imprisoned castaway from the madness that overtakes solitary captives in the prisons made by man. Nature, take her at her worst, is more merciful than her children.

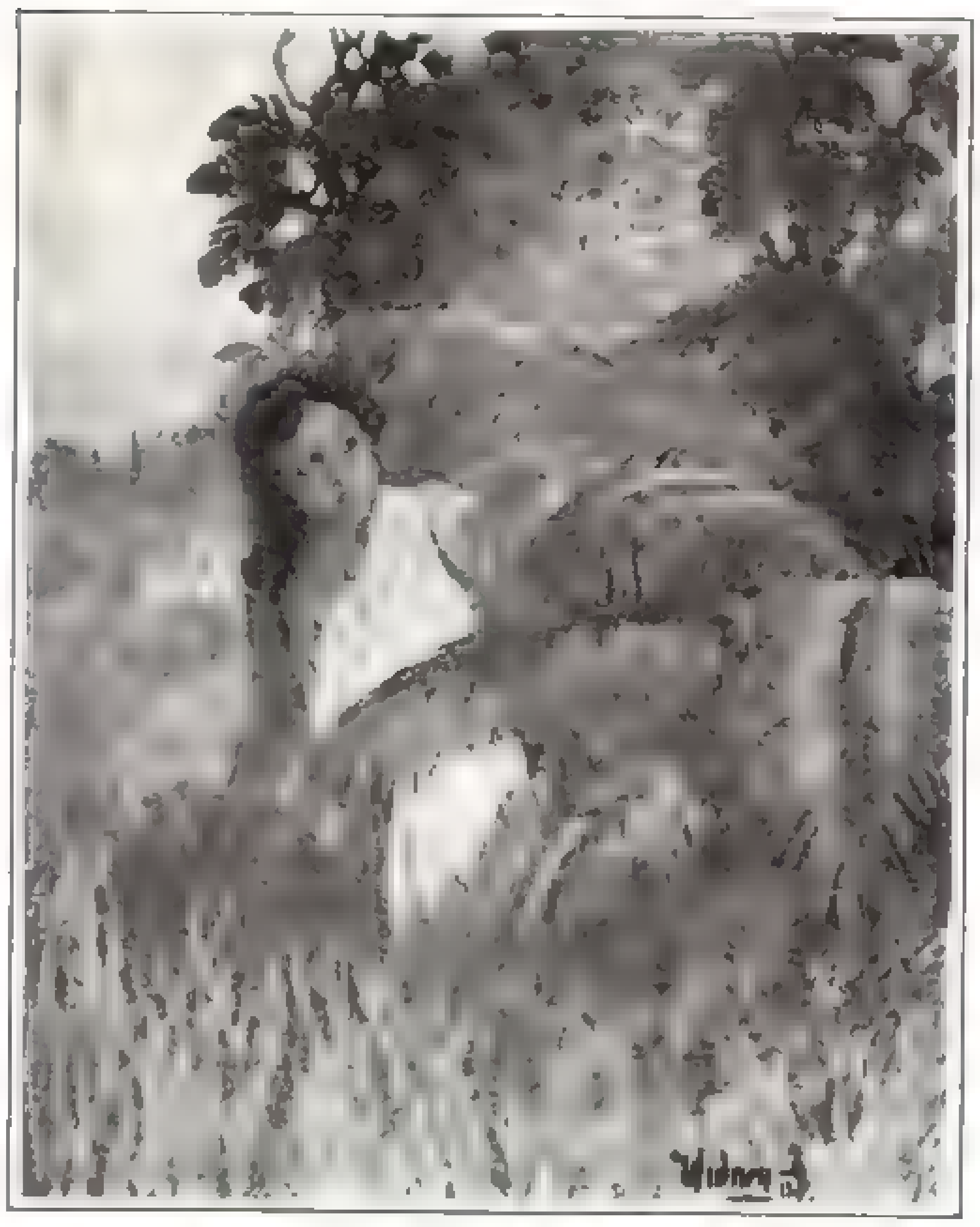
So the daylight hours were not the worst.

For the first night or two Vaiti was almost too weary to lie awake listening or thinking. She knew, moreover, that she was alone and had nothing to fear—had she not walked right around the island the first morning and seen that it was empty of all life? On the third night she was not so tired, and the roar of the hot wind in the palm trees kept her awake a good deal. Lying on her pile of cocoanut fibre, with the moon sifting in through the slits in the plaited walls, she listened and fancied and wondered. Solitude, even for a week, will put strange imaginings into the head of the steadiest and most stolid man in the world, and Vaiti, on the ocean and on the island, had not seen a human face for nearly a month.

She did not know whether it was her imagination or whether it was true that the birds at night sometimes waked up suddenly and fluttered and cried unaccountably, as if disturbed. She could not tell whether the odd noise she heard once or twice—an ugly, tremulous cry that was much more bestial than birdlike—were some effect of wind and foliage or some warning of an actual peril. There were no wild beasts in any island west of the Solomons, so far as Vaiti knew, but it must be allowed that her geographical knowledge was uncertain and far from perfect. In the daytime, when she was working over her fire, or fishing, or mending her hut, or washing her solitary set of garments piece by piece, such fancies appeared absurd, even childish.



It Came Away Wet with Blood



Near the Entrance Lay, Stretched Out in Broad Daylight, Clear to Sight at Last, the Mystery of the Island

But it was quite a different island when the bush was black and mysterious, full of quivering shadows and cracking boughs, and all work was over, and the sea made noises on the beach below as if many people were talking and whispering, just out of sight. Then, to disentangle fact from fancy, to restrain the one and bring forward the other, was a task somewhat beyond the ability of a castaway who was already beginning to feel that solitude might, some day or other, take ill effect upon the mind of one condemned to endure it ceaselessly.

But it was morning now, and Vaiti, as she sat on the shore and scanned the horizon for the sail that she knew was well-nigh impossible, had close hold on the courage that had made her famous over all the South Seas. She was arguing with herself that it was extremely foolish to be made uncomfortable at night by noises that probably meant nothing, and certainly meant nothing perilous. What could happen to any one on an uninhabited South Sea island?

She put the subject out of her mind and decided to take a walk to the other end of the island. She did not often trouble to go so far. The little conical hill was rocky and barren, and two immense stony spurs shot out from its foot, barring the shore at that point to all but good climbers. Vaiti could climb anything, but it was tedious to scramble across those two wide natural walls, merely to cross the uninteresting little beach that lay between. She had visited this place only twice before, and on both occasions the tide was high and walking in the sand unpleasant. It was low now, however, and as she thought there might be good shellfish in the shallows she decided to cross the walls and go down into the bay.

It did not take her more than a few minutes to reach the place. She was standing on the top of the rocky wall, ready to take the descent with a leap and a scramble, when something caught her eye that made her pause and look steadily at the level expanse of sand below.

Vaiti had never read Robinson Crusoe, or she might have found a parallel to the sensations that possessed her as she stared at that innocent strip of beach. Its flat expanse was unpolluted by human footstep, but ——

What was that track across the sand?

It was not the track of a man, nor of a bird, nor of any beast she knew. It was not the trail of a snake, and yet it suggested a snake—nor of a quadruped, and yet it had some characteristics of a quadruped. What, in the name of common sanity, could it be?

Vaiti looked around her very narrowly before she climbed down the rocks to take a nearer view. But the face of the hill was blank and barren, and nothing stirred upon the shore save the scuttling crabs. She sprang down the rocks and crossed the strand to the place marked by the strange track.

Even there she could make nothing of it. There seemed to be paws or feet of some kind, and there seemed also to be a long, trailing body or tail. It was a large track, as big as a sea-lion's almost—and yet it was certainly not that of a sea-lion, which Vaiti knew as well as she knew her own. She did not know this at all, and she did not like it overmuch. Somehow it connected itself in her mind with the strange cry of the night, and she felt a little chilly.

Whether the beast had come up from the sea to the land or down from the land into the sea it was impossible to tell. The track led both ways, and at the verge of the shore it was immediately lost in the heaps of broken coral rock. It was just possible that the creature, whatever it was, might be hiding among these rocks. The girl, determining to sift the matter to the bottom there and then, yet unwilling to face an unknown monster with no better weapon than a knife, bethought her that the nearest cocoa palm would give her an outlook over the whole bay. The conical hill would certainly give a clear view of the entire island and an extra mile or two of sea as well, but Vaiti had noted with regret, on the very first day of her sojourn, that it was quite unscalable, being on all sides simply a precipice of ancient gray coral, bristling with myriads of sharp, spearlike points. As well try to climb a wall of knife-blades as to scale that fortress of Nature's own making.

The palm tree told nothing. From its top one could see behind every rock in the little bay, and far on each side. Wherever the creature had hidden itself, its lair was not traceable.

Night seemed to come on quicker than usual that evening. The sun sank down the sky with malign swiftness. The locusts began to whir in the trees a good half-hour too early—or so it seemed—and the gloom and the mystery of the dark, moonless hours had settled down on the island as some black-winged vampire bat settles on its prey, before Vaiti had even made up her fire for the night. She discovered that more cocoanut husks were wanted, and went to the verge of the bush to collect them, with the aid of a torch she had manufactured out of shelled and strung candlenuts. There never was a night when the bush made so many inexplicable noises—when the shadows that hovered about the streak of light cast by the torch-flame were so sinister in shape and so lurking and crouching in movement. The darkness seemed to press down upon one's very shoulder-blades—so close, in truth, that every now and then one must perforce halt and listen, and turn to look, with a quick swallow in the throat, for something one knew could not possibly be there.

Nevertheless, when the fire was made up outside the door of the hut to last for hours, and the candlenut torch was fastened in a rude shell sconce upon the wall inside, and the door—only a screen of plaited cocoanut leaf, fastened with thongs of sennit—had been carefully tied in place, Vaiti slept. She had been hard at work most of the day, gathering bark for a fishing-net, beating, soaking and stripping the fibres, cutting and collecting wood, digging a hole in the sand above high-water mark to get some brackish fresh water to wash her clothes in, and other labors of the castaway life, and she was tired. Further, she had acquired, at sea, the art of sleeping anywhere and anyhow, and it stood her in good stead now.

It was in the dead hour that comes before the dawn—the hour when life burns low, and slumber is deep, when the fatal night sortie is feared by men grown old in war, and when beasts whose lust is blood creep out to seek their prey—that Vaiti awoke, swiftly and completely, in a second, and knew that there was something near.

She had not heard anything, but she was none the less certain. All that day she had had an uneasy consciousness that, although she had failed in seeing the beast, the beast had known of her presence. It might well have passed unknown, so far, for her hut was at the other end of the island, and she had had nothing to do with the beach below the hill. But now ——

The fire outside the hut was burning brightly. The candlenut torch was at its last two nuts, but it still cast a strong, smoky light upon the woven walls. The sea lapped and chattered among the stones of the beach, as seas do talk upon lonely, desolate shores. Was there any other sound?

Yes. There was something breathing, close to the walls of the hut. It was not the sigh of a wave, slipping reluctantly back from the soft lap of the sun-warmed sand—it was not the long whisper of palm-fronds caressing one another on the stir of the cool night-wind, under the stars—it was, distinctly and beyond all doubt, the breathing of some large, warm-blooded animal, very close to the hut and to her.

She would have given her island kingdom, had she had it back, to see the candlenut torch die out. The light within the hut made it impossible to see through the crevices of the walls, and at the same time made it certain that the interior of the place must be visible to anything looking closely from without. Yet she did not rise and put out the torch, for her face was in deep shadow, and she wanted for the moment to seem asleep.

The breathing continued, soft and subdued. A faint shuffling was audible now. The thing was creeping about the hut. A touch of the grisly horror that waits upon the unknown stirred the hair of the girl, as she realized that this beast, unlike all other beasts, had no fear of fire. It must have crawled almost into the flame, to pass so close to the door of the hut.

Still as death she lay, her eyes half shut in the gloom of the corner, looking out only under her eyelashes. Beneath the rough mat that she made for coverlet, she glided her hand across her body with infinite care, so that her fingers rested on the hilt of her knife. She waited.

The low, faint breathing passed around the walls of the hut, pausing once or twice. After five or ten minutes of tense and motionless restraint, Vaiti relaxed, and tried to lift her head a little. At that instant, the fibrous matting on which she lay rustled audibly. The sounds paused, recommenced, and lessened in the distance. The creeping noise passed down the shore. It was going away. The girl did not stir for some minutes. Then she rose, extinguished the torch, unfastened the door of the hut, and noiselessly slipped out.

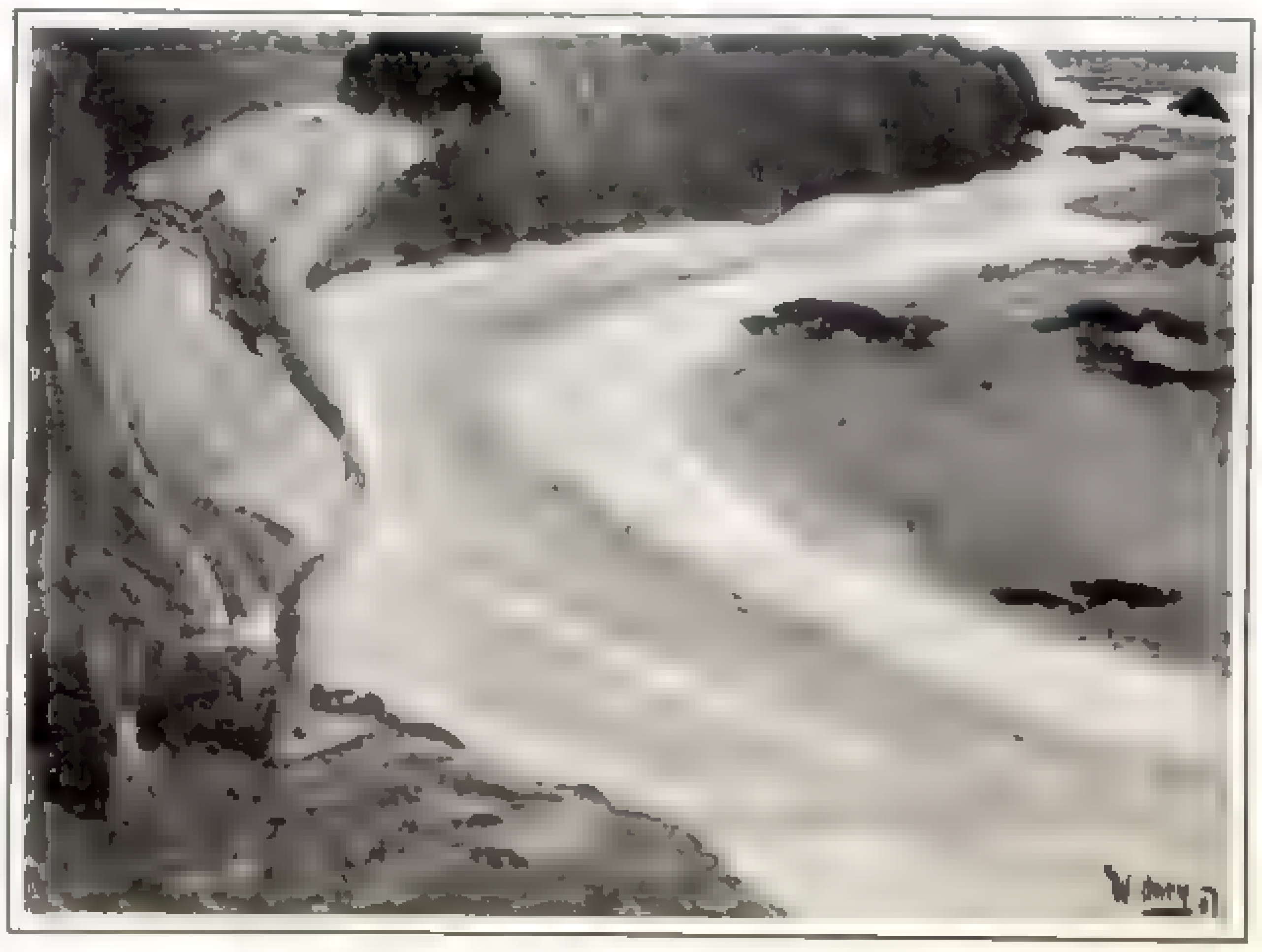
It was dark, but the darkness was the transparent gloom of a tropic night alive with burning stars. There was almost more light than Vaiti needed for her purpose. Tying her scanty garments closely about her, and twisting her hair tight to her head, she slipped into the bush, where it stretched thin and straggling down to the shore, and began to creep along in the direction taken by the beast.

No white person, and few natives, could have passed through the bush, thin as it was, without making a noise. But there was not a better stalker of birds and beasts in all the islands than this girl, and never a stick cracked or a leaf rustled as she passed. She had let the mysterious creature get a good start of her, not wanting to attack it or drive it to bay, but intending to follow it to the neighborhood of its lair, and find out how best it might be surprised in the daytime—being evidently a thing of nocturnal habits. But it was some time before she sighted it, shuffling with surprising quickness along the strand, which was laid bare to-night by an unusually low tide. Indeed, it was close upon the spur of rocks inclosing one side of the little bay below the hill, before she saw so much. She had not time to note more than the fact of its size—which was large—before it turned the outermost corner of the rocky spur and disappeared. Vaiti felt sharply disappointed. She had not known that, at the lowest tides, the end of the rocks was bared, and she had counted on the creature's delay in climbing over the barrier to get a good look at it, from a safe distance.

But could it climb? She remembered that she had never seen a trace of its presence on any part of the island save that narrow inclosed bay, until to-night, when the way out was clear. Well, if it could only progress on the level, so much the better. There was no reason at all to be afraid of it—a thing that could not run or climb!

And yet she was afraid, or as nearly afraid as ever she had been in her life.

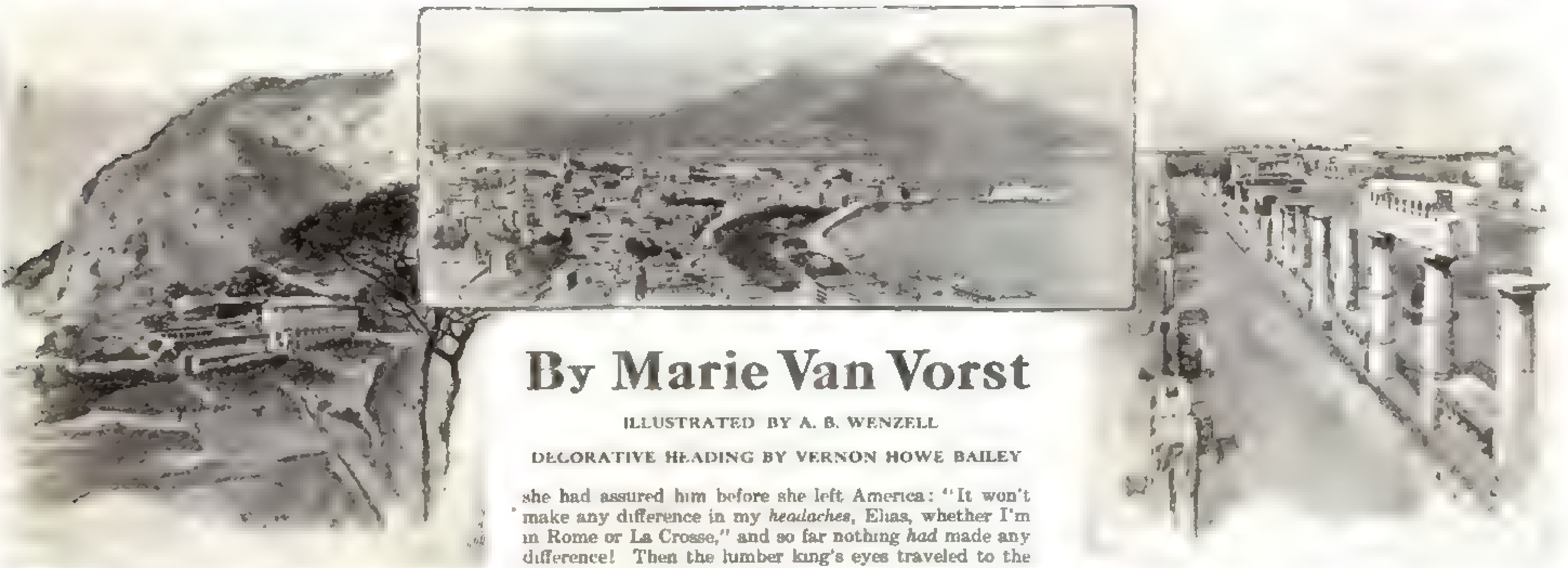
There was nothing at all to be seen when she reached the rocks and crept cautiously around into the bay. It was evident that she had missed the lair again—or that the beast was a sea animal of some sort. No, that hypothesis would not hold. She could dimly see that the tracks ran right around the point



What was that Track Across the Sand?

(Continued on Page 29)

THE MAN FROM ROME



By Marie Van Vorst

ILLUSTRATED BY A. B. WENZELL

DECORATIVE HEADING BY VERNON HOWE BAILEY

I

THEY came slowly down the gangplank together, father, mother, daughter and big, sulky son.

Once on the pier they were assailed by the voices of the Old World, new in tone and phrase to their Western ears. From the crowd a tall young man pushed himself forward and addressed Mr. Porson.

"A courier, sir; want a courier?"

Mr. Porson, whose blue eyes were looking for the first time on Europe, took in indulgently, and rather humorously, the figure of the speaker.

"A courier?" he said—"to do what?" And the man was quick to exclaim:

"To show you Naples, Pompeii, Capri—all, all!"

Mr. Porson smiled. "That's rather a large order, isn't it?" and the young man who smiled as well, showing two rows of beautiful teeth, gave evidence that he did not quite understand.

"I have introductions," urged the courier, putting his hand toward his breast-pocket. "I am well known. If the Signore would try me."

The girl at her father's side was the most charming type of the young American woman, neither too tall nor too short, her pretty, graceful figure hid by the long lines of her traveling coat. The face, lifted at the moment her father spoke to the strange young man, was full of a bright interest, full of inquiry, and the man, looking from the American gentleman upon whose decision he would, perhaps, depend for his daily bread, found his eyes attracted to the daughter of a future patron. It was impossible for him to help exclaiming mentally: "*Dio*, what a beautiful face! *Dio*, what a ravishing little face! Is it possible that anything so fine and exquisite has come from a country that people call barbarous, savage, and is also known as 'the rough West'?"

Meanwhile the other members of the party had gone on toward the lines of cabs and omnibuses. The American gentleman appeared for a moment to be seriously thinking of the courier who presented himself. He looked a little questioningly at his wife, as was his habit, and the expression of great fatigue on her face made him forget everything but Mrs. Porson. Whatever the gentleman replied to the insistence of the handsome Italian was so short and so succinct that his wife and daughter did not hear his decision.

Mrs. Porson had a thin, pinched face, much wrinkled; she lifted it reproachfully to her husband. "Why, Ellie, you don't know one thing about that man."

"Now, come along, Mother." The lumber king put his great hand under his wife's arm. "You need a steady bed that won't tip you out every time you move. That's what you want, and so does Cissy."

They followed the porter to the omnibus where Mrs. Porson's maid was already installed.

"What I want," said the boy, whose voice was in disproportion to his years, "is a good steak and some griddle cakes, but, I bet, I'll never see anything like that till I get back home."

The girl wrinkled her fair brows. "Oh, Bird," she said, "you never think about anything but *meals!*"

The older woman, on whose dull cheeks life had written the history neither of great sorrow nor great joy, leaned back in the omnibus, her eyes closed, the discomforts of an ocean voyage still harrowing her. Mr. Porson, looking across at his wife, remembered with a tinge of remorse how she had assured him before she left America: "It won't make any difference in my *headaches*, Elias, whether I'm in Rome or La Crosse," and so far nothing *had* made any difference! Then the lumber king's eyes traveled to the other face. Cissy had vivified.

The omnibus was crawling up a long, narrow street, where, fluttering from windows and doorways, red and yellow banners, floating high and brilliant, made a waving vista. Queer little cabs, their horses gay with bells, dashed like mad through the crowd. Cissy saw through the window that the courier had taken his place beside the coachman.

"Father," she touched his knee, "that man who spoke to you is riding up with us."

Mr. Porson, who was enchanted to have discovered a cigar that he didn't know he possessed, had lit it and was smoking cheerfully. His hands in his pockets, he beamed on his family.

"Oh, that man's all right. He's bound to get a job. You mustn't think that we've got all the push there is in the West. They tell me Eyetalians are very pushing. I guess I'll have to try that man a day or so. We'll all go round with him to-morrow and let Mother rest."

But here Mrs. Porson came sufficiently out of her lethargy to remark that the guide-book said "Naples was a great place for coral and cameos and tortoise-shell combs."

"I guess I could get out for an hour or so with you, Ellie, in the afternoon."

Mr. Porson shook his indulgent head, still smiling.

"No stores in *mine*, Mother," he said; "you can buy all the corals you want, but you'll have to do it yourself. Cissy and I are going to see the town."

They saw the town that day and the next, and for many following days. Mrs. Porson had succumbed to a vague malady for which, in her husband's mind, the sea-voyage, the un-American hotel, the coral and cameo stores were all mingled in their responsibility. She had, as she put it, "given out," and with a finality which suggested that "she had only kept up for years" under protest! Mr. Porson's other children had died early, and Bird might sulk as deeply as he liked; no one ever reproached him. His pockets were full of money, and as for Cissy, well, Mr. Porson had said, "If there's anything going that she wants, and I can buy it, it belongs to the girl!"

It was an immense pleasure and fascination to the busy man to find himself for hours, to whose charm there was no forced end but twilight, alone with his daughter, in the environment of a new world. He "hadn't learned anything," so he said, "since he left school, and he was learning now." With Cissy on one side of him and Francesco on the other, a cigar between his lips, the broad flaps of his collar flung well back from his great, muscular neck, his face aglow with content, Elias Porson "did Naples."

Bird, like his mother, had given out at an early moment. He had discovered a boatman who, having sulks of his own, understood Bird's, and in his skiff with Piero della Pesca the boy spent his days fishing and lolling on the bay.

. . . .

The Italian city was explained and described to Miss Porson by the Italian voice of the courier until after a few days she floated through sightseeing indifferent to fatigue.

As she sat on the balcony of her hotel after dinner nothing stood clearly out from the mass of things she had seen to claim major importance. Naples modern and Naples of the past jumbled in pleasant and agreeable confusion in the little American's mind. And it all became a background, a setting for the graceful figure of Francesco. When she tried to recall the events of the day she was extremely irritated to find that she could see nothing but Francesco before her eyes. When she wanted to write in her "My Trip Abroad" book, or home to her girl friends, Francesco appeared before her.

"Why, he's nothing but a *courier*," she said to herself, but the scornful classification did not always avail to clear her mind of the beautiful man.

There were many, many things the vague apprehension of which had never crossed Cissy Porson's life except when possibly the page of some book or a photograph may have stirred the wings of her imagination. All the imagination she had was now on the flight.

Mr. Porson, after vaguely wondering to just what class his courier belonged, trying to place the distinguished young man, whose manner and dress were those of a prince, in the category of valets and chauffeurs and servants, finally accepted him as a sort of professor, and decided from the first that he must eat with them.

The three found themselves in a tiny glass-covered restaurant overhanging Posilipo. To reach it they had been rolled up in a funicular. The tables around them were vacant. The aged, shuffling *cameriere* served for them alone. The inevitable orchestra played for them alone.

Francesco consulted Mr. Porson. Would the Signore have a native dish of macaroni – a *risotto* or a *pollo rostito?* And it was in perfect accordance with her type of wonderful quickness, amazing cleverness, Yankee adaptiveness, that Cissy knew what he meant!

She had been three days a Neapolitan; her eyes, her mind, her senses were alert. She nodded at the *macaroni* and the *pollo rostito*.

"And just get a bottle of that Cape Rye" Mr. Porson pronounced the wine of Capri as though it were a kind of whisky—"that dry yellow wine, will you, Francesco? It's good enough for me," commanded his patron.

The day had carried them for a long excursion down the bay, and, as Mr. Porson wished to "do a little out-of-door eating," the courier had fetched them up here where, if not quite *al fresco*, at least only a pane or two of glass was between them and the day.

Elias Porson half-shut his eyes. It was a fine sight. "I take the Bay of Naples," he had written home to his partner, "to be as handsome a view as I've ever seen."

The succulent novelty of macaroni was also before him. He put his napkin into his buttonhole and gave himself up to the difficult task of eating the dish before him. The yellow Capri filled his glass like gold. He was not a materialist nor an animal man, but he liked life, his way of it. Porson bit off the end of his cigar, lit it and leaned back. There was about the warm day, summerlike indeed, compared to his American winter weather, a magic that diffused itself through him. He thought of his early love-making, and the face that came to him with startling distinctness was not his wife's face. Through the smoke of his cigar he meditatively watched his courier Francesco and the girl.

Cissy had eaten little of the carefully commanded breakfast; she frankly couldn't manage the macaroni and had femininely picked at the rest, sipping the fragrant wine. Whether or not there was anything in reality in the nature of the little, uncultured creature capable of appreciating what her blue eyes saw, is not the question. She leaned on the table, her short sleeves stopped at her elbow.

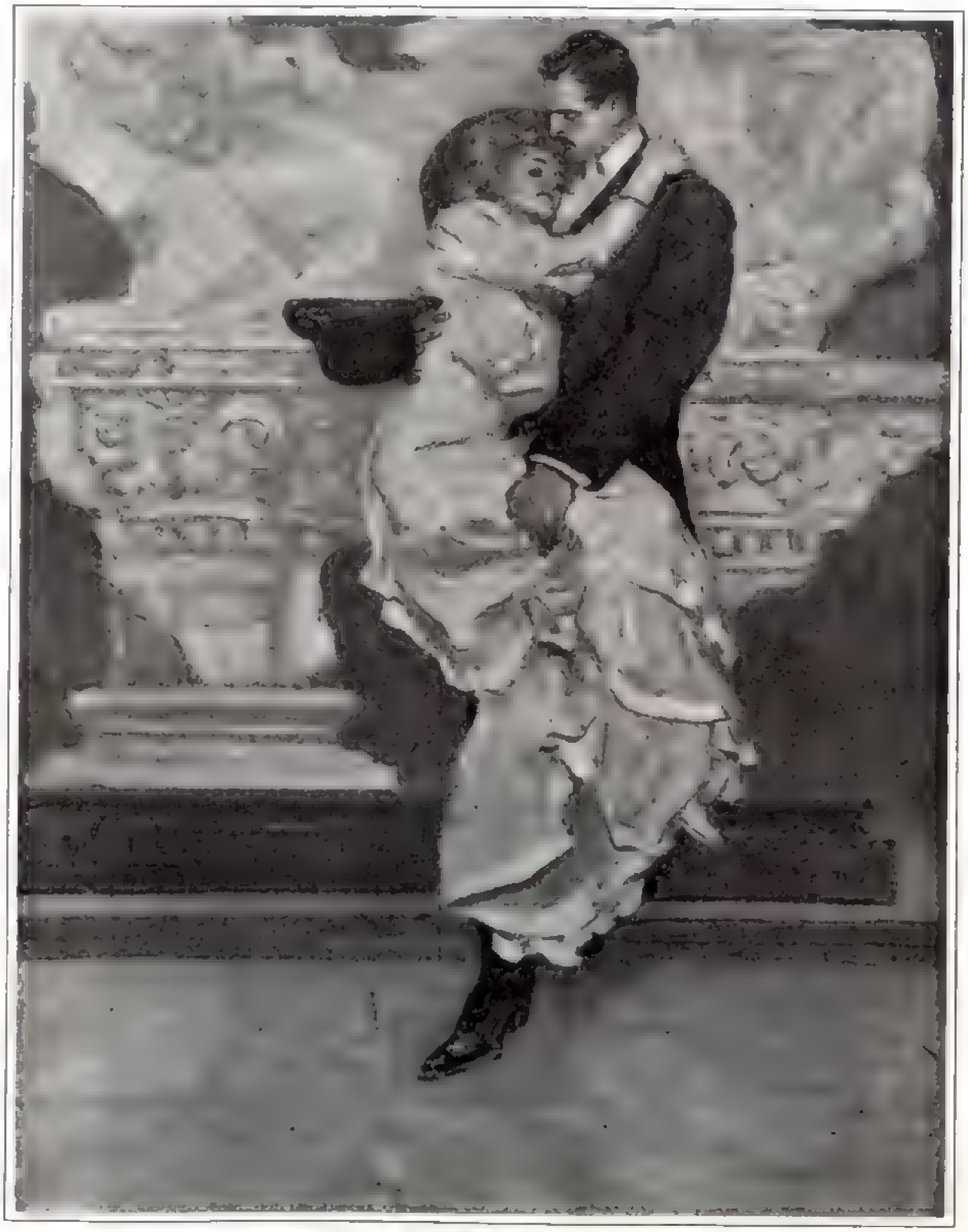
Her round forearm was bare; her hair fell in bright disorder about her pretty, mobile face. She sighed.

"It's a lovely day," she mused; "I'm having a lovely time. I guess Bird's out there in one of those boats with his friend. I hope he won't get drowned."

It was the American voice with little modulation or inflection, but very sweet.

Her father meditatively continued to look at her, but she was unconscious of him as she was of the other man's attention.

Francesco, at his end of the table, sat indolently in his chair. One long, slight hand, on which he wore a ring with a dark red stone, was outspread on the cloth. His dress was sober and discreet, save that he wore a red tie in place of the conventional cravat. This gave him rather a Bohemian air. His soft hat lay by his side on the floor with a pair of gloves in its crown, and by it a Baedeker and a little notebook of crushed leather. His eyes rested upon Miss Porson as if they would absorb her, draw her in, devouringly, as if she were some kind of light he craved or some liquid his parched senses demanded.



"You're Alive, and that's All that Matters"

The musicians were of the humblest order, riff-raff of singers that thronged the hotels during the season, or who even go out in little boats to sing to ships on the bay. Their instruments were badly out of tune, and they assailed the ears with Santa Lucia and Bella Napoli; but this time they really appealed, for the Westerner had never heard these songs before. Finally the leader came out into the room and stood singing alone. The song was so sweet, the man's voice was so liquid, that even Porson turned about his chair and listened. Francesco leaned a little over to Cissy.

"He is singing to *you*, Signorina," he smiled.

"But I don't understand a word he says," Cissy disclaimed.

The squeaking instruments struggled with the melody, nearly caught up with it, took a plunge at it, and, either too infirm or too indifferent, finally let it go free, and then, with a graceful gesture of his hand, as if he wafted every note to Cissy, the singer brought his cantata to an end

Mr. Porson got a gold piece from his pocket. "Here, Francesco," he bade his courier, "give them this; it's the price of an opera seat, and I've sat through more than one opera and not been half so well pleased."

That evening, when Francesco came to take his orders for the following morning, Miss Porson stood alone on the balcony of the hotel. Over her evening dress Cissy had thrown a shawl with long fringe. Mr. Porson had given it to his wife years ago when ladies wore shawls, and Cissy had captured it, for she liked queer, old-fashioned things.

"Francesco," she said to the man, "tell me what the words of the song were the man sang to-day."

The man hesitated. "The Signorina can buy it," he said.

She nodded impatiently. "Oh, I suppose so, but don't you know what the words mean?"

"Yes," he said, "but in English they will not sound the same."

"Never mind," she urged imperiously; "tell me in some way or other. I want to know what the words of the song mean."

"There was a rose: I picked it last night.
Would you know where it lies? On her heart.
There's a bird: I captured him, then set him free.
Would you know where he has flown? To her window.
Would you know where my heart would rest? On hers.
Would you know where I would climb? To her window.
She has taken home the rose and the bird.
Will she take me home, too?"

She listened. Never having heard words like these before, or said like this, she was in her simple way a little confused and hardly knew what to say. It was as if she heard the music over again, only far more delightfully, far more comprehensively, and she had the advantage this time of understanding what it meant. If the musician had sung the song to her, certainly she had the feeling that Francesco said the words to her, although his eyes were fixed on the town as it was seen below the hotel, in the horseshoe of the valley. She said nothing when he had finished, but after a few seconds she asked

"And the name of the restaurant? What did that mean?"

"I Promessi Sposi," Francesco told her—"the promised ones, the affianced"

She wrinkled her brows. "Oh, the *engaged* couple! Well, I think it is prettier in Italian, and I guess I won't ever go there again unless I'm engaged."

Francesco said nothing more. He rather awed the nonchalant little American, unused as she was to any form or manner. In a few moments she prettily bade him "Good-night, Francesco."

"Good-night, Signorina."

Bird ran no great risk of drowning in the Bay of Naples. The boatman whose friendship he had made was a magnificent creature who took good care of his advantageous young patron. Piero had the head of a Greek god, the muscles of a Titan and the voice of a dove.

And as for Birden he was a sportsman born—with eyes and ears for nothing but the woods and their creatures, and water only existed for him that he might catch fish from it. He caught many fish with Piero. For hours they would sit patiently watching for *frutta del mare*—the fruit of the sea, as the language charmingly has it. Meanwhile he learned sufficient Italian to understand his companion, to make himself crudely understood. He learned that his friend was from Capri, was the father of ten children, and the brother of four sisters, of whom all were beautiful, *bellissima* and *splendida* and virtuous save one; and Piero never got far in his description of this one, for at some stated point toward the end of the story he would rise in the boat and, with uplifted hand, pour forth a roulade of words under his breath in his melting voice. It sounded very much like the *roucoulement* of pigeons under the eaves, a guttural rumble. It might have been an appeal or an ecstasy, and how was Birden Porson, of La Crosse, Wisconsin, to know that it was a curse?

Piero's hands pointed toward the North always, and, indeed, it shook in that direction so often that one day Bird asked him:

"What's off there, anyway, Piero?"

And the fisherman responded shortly: "*Roma poi lui* ——"

In point of fact the "*poi lui*" came so constantly into their conversation that Bird, from the pronunciation of the word, thought there was a fellow called Louis, who, as he expressed it to himself, "had better sit tight in Rome and not monkey with Piero after dark."

Baiting his hook from which he had just taken his fish, the boy, at the last stage of curiosity, asked one day:

"Who's Louis, anyway, Piero, and why are you rotting him so?"

Piero gesticulated: "*Non è Luigi.* He is called Cecco."

"What's the matter with him?"

But further than this the fisherman would not go. The temperament of Birden preferred his silences as the boy himself was inclined to the sulks, and he never tried to break in upon the Italian's morose broodings, and didn't force the man's confidences.

But, one of the evenings a little while after this, he questioned the courier:

"What is the *Camorra*, anyhow?"

Francesco smiled brilliantly. Even the heavy, featureless face of the boy relaxed somewhat under the sunlight of the man's smile. The slender, dark face of the courier became so radiant when it smiled that it would have won the best temper possible in any society.

"It's the *vendetta*, Signorino. You've read of that? It's the *Mafia*, the Black Hand—you've heard of that? Why it's just simply the vengeance, death, by the hand of the people."

"Oh, lynching!" Bird understood perfectly.

"It's the unwritten law, Signorino." The courier here turned to his patron, who had begun to listen.

"Do they lynch here?" Mr. Porson inquired.

"No, Signore, they stab in the dark, behind the church's shadow, in a lonely vineyard, on the deserted road. Or, better still, down on the coast if the swimmer is off his guard."

"But they *hang* these murderers, don't they?" Mrs. Porson, in whose honor the after-dinner party was gathered in her bedroom, asked quite peevishly from her pillows.

"Signora," bowed the Italian, "there is no capital punishment in Italy, and, as far as the *Camorra* is concerned, the State is blind."

Cissy Porson's eyes were on the gay, bright face of their courier, whose expression in telling of the sinister society had not clouded. She then asked: "*What* crimes do they punish like this?"

"Family affairs, private quarrels between men."

"How cowardly and dreadful," she breathed, "to come upon a man like that in the dark."

Her words were so intense that a little silence fell after them. "Don't *you* think it is cowardly?" she asked of the others.

Francesco responded: "No, Signorina, it is not a bad custom. I am too Italian to think so. It is better than dragging a family scandal through public gutters, or better than letting a dog live."

Elias Porson nodded as he knocked his cigar-ash off.

"I wasn't in the West in '79 for nothing," he said, "nor yet last year in Cripple Creek, where you see a sort of coarse gallantry at the bottom of all their roughness. Why, there were about twenty of us sitting and drinking and talking in the town billiard-room. I was there for some mining interests. Well, at one of the tables there sat a young lady, a sort of reporter, I guess, a quiet enough little thing, and the only woman in the place. A great husky chap came along, and all he did was that he *didn't* take his hat off and he brushed against her. As far as I know that's all, but not two hours afterward that man was hanging from a tree at the end of the town. 'It was an insult to the politeness of Cripple Creek,' the men said."

The Italian had listened acutely, his ears following with great difficulty the broad, Western accent.

"Do you mean," he asked, "*they hung him to death for that?*"

Bird snickered.

Mr. Porson said that they had done so.

"Well, I would hate to have been the woman," said Mrs. Porson severely. "She must have felt like a murderer."

"Well, *I'd* hate to be the man that Piero hates—that's who *I'd* hate to be!" Bird nodded to the group.

"Piero?" questioned Francesco.

"My fisherman, Piero della Pesca; he's a corker, he's a world-beater."

"Who will he beat?" asked the bewildered Italian.

Bird laughed again and continued his explanation:

"Why, the man from Rome, you bet your life—that is, if he's chump enough to come along."

"Ah," smiled Francesco, "your Piero belongs, then, to the *Camorra?*"

"It looks that way," said the boy roughly, his good-humored part in the conversation having reached its end. He got up, saying he was sleepy, and that his rendezvous was for early the next morning

But Francesco's interest in Birden's welfare seemed suddenly to be aroused.

"Signorino," he said to the boy, "we do not know this Piero of yours sufficiently, I think. Don't go out with him again until I have made some inquiries"

"Oh, rot!" exclaimed the boy roughly "He's all right."

But Mrs. Porson, who was now sitting up straight, was thoroughly aroused.

"Father," she said, "I never saw anything like you in all my life! How *can* you be so easy? Here you let this boy go off all day with a murderer or next to one; you don't know anything about this man more than a *cat!* Now hush, Bird; I'm a very sick woman, and I won't have you running this risk."

Mr. Porson came over to her soothingly. "See here, Mother ——"

"No," she cried strenuously, her maternal care aroused. "Don't 'Mother' me, Ellie! I feel half the time lying here that something awful is in the air. They've got several cases of typhoid fever in the hotel, and there's the pest in Alexandria, and Bird's off with this evil man that we don't know anything about."

But here the surly boy broke in as he stood at the foot of the bed—his sport, his beloved sport was to be taken away from him. His long, bright days were to be robbed. His face was not pleasant to see.

"We don't know anything about Francesco, either," he said brutally, but his father put his hand down on the cub's shoulder.

"You go off to bed," he ordered sternly, "and don't you worry your mother any more. I'll find out about your man, my boy, and you can come along with your sister and me until I do. That's all right," he waved to the courier kindly, "you go out and arrange for *Pompy* to-morrow. We'll all three of us go. And now I want to get Mrs. Porson quieted down for the night."

Birden lay in his own bed, the electric light turned full on his book. He was not reading; he was far too brooding and angry. When he looked up at his sister, who had come in from her room, his face was as menacing as if he had been himself a member of the *Camorra*.

Cissy stood at the foot of her brother's bed in her dressing-gown. Her hair in one long, thick braid fell over her shoulder like a heavy golden serpent.

"I want to know," she asked succinctly, "what you were so mean to Francesco for? Why did you laugh at his mistake about the hanging?"

The boy gave a growl like a bear.

"He's always so polite to you."

"I don't want his manners."

She nodded gently. "Well, you haven't any of your own. If you could only speak his language half as well as he does ours."

"Oh, I'll speak it fast enough; don't you fret."

Her hands, fine and white, below the frill of her dressing-gown, lay lightly on the bed rail. She went on: "Then what you said about our not knowing what he was."

"Well, we don't, do we?"

"Father is satisfied, and they treat him here so well, the waiters and servants, just as if he were somebody."

The boy growled again. "Oh, he's *somebody*, all right! I've got to know what kind."

She took no notice of his undertone.

"I hate people being rude," she said. "There's a great deal of it at home. I never noticed it till I came here."

"Let him mind his own business," said Bird.

Miss Porson insisted: "He was minding it; he is taking care of us"

"Not me, you bet. What does *he* know about Piero?"

"Well, that's just it. He's going to find out."

"Well, he can keep what he finds out to himself; and you can tell him so. Piero's a ribbon winner. I tell you he's a good lot better than a servant, anyway."

"Bird! Francesco is not a servant: he is a gentleman."

"Huh!" The lad's face was hot with disgust.

"I'm sure he's a gentleman," Her voice had not once lost its control. "There's something so refined about him."

(Continued on Page 24)

HARBORS FOR WILD BIRDS

Federal Protection for Our Feathered Friends

THE recent setting apart of a new "refuge" for wild birds in the Mosquito Inlet, Florida, derives additional interest from the fact (given on the authority of the Government Bureau of Ornithology) that feathered life in this country, after being reduced fifty per cent. within a period of fifteen years by indiscriminate, merciless slaughter, has at last turned the corner, so to speak, and is now steadily on the increase.

For a long time past the defenders of the birds have been fighting the battle with indefatigable energy and undaunted courage. Not contenting themselves with the creation of a popular sentiment in behalf of innocent and beautiful feathered creatures, they have brought about the enactment of laws which have practically put a stop to the trade in wild feathers; and, with the help of money secured mainly by private subscription, they have purchased and set aside as "refuges," safe from depredation, many of the islands used for breeding purposes by various species of seafowl along our coasts.

Collection of Eggs for Market on a Breeding Island for Albatrosses

By RENÉ BACHE

All of this work, effected by the Audubon Societies, is carried on in coöperation with the Federal Government, which, on its own account, has established during the last five years no fewer than fourteen reservations of the same kind. In charge of each of these is placed a "warden," who receives from Uncle Sam a salary of one dollar a month—this in order that he may possess official and constabulary authority, his real wages being paid by the organizations above-mentioned. It is his business to patrol the "refuge," and see that the birds are not molested in any way.

By such means the coast and inland waters of the United States are being surely, though slowly, repopulated with wild birds, including some species which were dangerously near to the point of final disappearance. On every one of the reservations, too, the feathered occupants, it is noticed, are becoming much more tame and fearless of man. Incidentally, thanks to the protection now given, many kind of wildfowl that were driven out are beginning to reappear within our borders, and recent and very pleasing news from Florida is to the effect that the little green paroquet (our only species of the parrot, which used to be numerous in the South) is again being seen in the southern part of the peninsula.

Through the Audubon Societies protection has been extended to all important colonies of sea-birds breeding along the Atlantic Coast from Maine to Chesapeake Bay, off the shores of North Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, and at certain points in Oregon and Washington. And at the present time they are making a systematic survey of the Louisiana coast from the mouth of the Mississippi westward; likewise a reconnaissance of points along the South Carolina shore where sea-fowl are likely to breed—the idea in view being to locate definitely such breeding colonies as can be protected by the establishment of Federal preserves or of "refuges" which shall be maintained by the Audubon Societies under State auspices.

Members of the National Association of Audubon Societies who are trained ornithologists make periodical tours of inspection of the various "refuges," in order to find out how in a general way the work is getting along. Meanwhile the wardens keep an eye on the birds, and prevent trespassing and poaching—this last a matter of no small difficulty in the waters along the coast of the Gulf of Mexico, where market hunters will raid the colonies if they get a chance, and egg-stealers are always ready to carry off the eggs by the wheelbarrow-load when opportunity serves.

A Breeding Refuge for Royal Terns Off the North Carolina Coast

The first of the Federal bird reservations was set aside by proclamation of the President in March, 1903. This was Pelican Island, in Florida. Since that date thirteen other similar "refuges" have been established in various places. But the most interesting of them all, perhaps, is Pelican Island, which is the only known breeding ground for brown pelicans on our Atlantic Coast. It is a mud flat, less than four acres in extent, adorned only by a few mangroves, one or two cabbage palms, and some scattered patches of grass.

Professional plume hunters used to visit this island at the breeding season and murder the pelicans wholesale merely for the sake of their quills, which had some small value for millinery purposes. Their destructive work was supplemented by the stealing of the eggs, one hundred and twenty-four sets of which are known in one instance to have been carried away by a single "collector," in 1894—a number which must have represented the bulk of the contents of the nests at the time. Then, to complete the good work, there were the tourists, who shot the great birds for fun—splendid sport, inasmuch as the poorest marksman could not miss—or drove them from the nests. exposing the young to the scorching, often fatal, rays of the semi-tropical sun

The Government interfered only just in time to prevent the colony from being wiped out entirely and forever. At the present time it is in a most prosperous condition, and, drawn by the interesting character of the place and its occupants, tourists nowadays come long distances to see it—though allowed to land only under properly regulated conditions. The warden in charge lives close by, and, if any stranger attempts to approach, he runs out in a little gasoline launch and asks the reason why

Saving the Pelican Colony

THE newly-created reservation, already mentioned, in Mosquito Inlet, is only six miles south of Pelican Island. It comprises, according to the terms of the proclamation, "all small mangrove and soft-grass islets shoals, sand-bars and sand-spits near the mouths of the Halifax and Hillsboro Rivers." The principal reason for setting it aside was that the pelicans, which go there to feed, might be protected, but, incidentally, the locality is a winter home for many other species of wildfowl, including grebes, coots, rail, white ibises, egrets, little blue herons, great blue herons and yellow-crowned herons. There are also several kinds of ducks, though only one of them, the black duck, breeds there

Two other important bird "refuges" maintained by the Federal Government in Florida waters are those of Passage Key and Indian Key—both of them at the mouth of Tampa Bay. Indian Key is the winter resort of cormorants, herons, terns and various other sea-fowl. Five miles south of it is Passage Key, where, within three months after the setting aside of the reservation, more than fifty species of wildfowl were found by agents of the Bureau of Ornithology, including terns, brown pelicans and about five thousand red-breasted mergansers.

Breton Island is a group of three islets in the Gulf of Mexico, off the Louisiana coast. There is a large colony of pelicans there; and it is a great preserve for wild ducks, especially mallards, which find protection against the market hunters. Here and on the Audubon reservation, on the near-by mainland, one hundred thousand terns of three different species are being raised every year. In short, this is one of the most successfully-conducted breeding grounds for wildfowl in the world The island is about six miles in length

Once in a while it happens that an unusually high tide will do an immense deal of damage to a "rookery of this kind, sweeping away great numbers of eggs and drowning thousands of young birds. Such accidents seem to be wholly unavoidable. Two years ago a hurricane swept over Breton Island, which, though normally twelve feet above high water, was flooded, hundreds of pelicans being killed by being dashed to the ground by the wind. Oddly enough, however, the disaster proved beneficial in one way, completely exterminating the raccoons and muskrats which had wrought much havoc among the nestlings.

In Lake Superior are two similar reservations for gulls and mergansers the Huron Islands and Siskiwit Islands. Here are found the largest breeding colonies of herring gulls in the interior of the United States. In Stump Lake, North Dakota, is a little group of four islets which has been set aside as a "refuge" for wild birds Other Federal preserves of the same kind are located respectively at Shell Keys, off the Louisiana coast; Tern Island, in the delta of the Mississippi; East Timbalier Island, Louisiana; Three-Arch Rocks, off the Oregon coast, and three islands off the coast of Washington Flattery Rock, Copalis Rock and Quillayute Needles

Generally speaking, the islands which are used as breeding or winter resorts by large colonies of wildfowl are small, swampy or rocky, and of no value for agricultural purposes. On this account they may be purchased at low prices, and the establishment of a "refuge" costs very little, the only real expense being the wages of the warden.

The Establishing of Refuges by the States

ONE of the most important "refuges" established by the Audubon Societies is No-Man's-Land Island, off the coast of Maine, which is the greatest colony of herring gulls in the United States. Another is Battledore Island, off the shore of Louisiana, which is a famous resort for royal and other terns. Yet another is Bird Key, in the Dry Tortugas, which is likewise a great breeding ground for terns On Bird Key there are at least twenty thousand "sooty" terns and over two thousand "noddy" terns.

Among the sandy islands acquired by the Audubon Societies along the coast of North Carolina are Royal Shoal and Legged Lump, which harbor the largest colonies of breeding sea-fowl in that region. Another islet, not far away, possesses the most numerous colony known of "least" terns—a species which has been slaughtered almost to the point of final extermination. Within quite recent years least terns and royal terns were killed in almost incredible numbers on Cobb's Island, in Virginia waters, nearly every gunner and fisherman along that part of the coast taking a hand in the "sport." But to-day, happily, Cobb's Island is a protected "refuge."

On the east side of the mouth of the Mississippi River, in Louisiana, the State Audubon Society controls a breeding area of land and water extending over seven hundred and fifty square miles, which is thoroughly protected against depredations by pot-hunters and egg-stealers. In addition, it has recently secured a similar administrative authority over an equal extent of territory on the west side of the Mississippi. In the mean time, Massachusetts has acquired three thousand acres on Martha's Vineyard, chiefly for the sake of preserving the heath hen from extinction; and in New Jersey the Nature Lovers' League has raised a considerable sum for the purchase of an extensive tract of suitable marsh land, which is to be converted into a "refuge" for wild birds

Flamingoes

It is confidently expected that within twenty-five years from the present time every State in the Union will have established reservations for the protection of feathered creatures. Only in this way, indeed, can valuable and interesting species be preserved. The movement in behalf of the birds has already obtained an overwhelming popular strength, and hundreds of private estates in various parts of the country, especially in California and Indiana, are to-day made "refuges" by their owners, nobody being permitted to disturb the wildfowl.

In 1903 formal agreements were made between the Audubon Societies of several Eastern States and the Merchants' Millinery Association, and between several of the Societies in the West and the Western Jobbers' Association, whereby the sale of the plumage of gulls, terns, grebes and other native birds was discontinued. Where local violations of the laws, now so rigid, forbidding interstate traffic in such merchandise, have occurred, the offenders have been promptly brought to punishment Consequently, at the present time practically no native birds are killed in the United States for millinery purposes.

The Geese that Gobble the Grain

AN ODD sort of situation exists in California with regard to wild geese, which all bird-lovers are most anxious to preserve. They have been almost entirely exterminated in the East already. Unfortunately, however, they are very destructive to growing crops. As the grassy plains where they formerly fed have been converted into wheat-fields, they have taken to eating the grain, and in some sections they do so much damage that the problem is a serious one. The Government Bureau of Ornithology has interposed in the matter, and is trying to discover means whereby the fields may be protected without killing off the geese.

A habit implanted in all species of birds compels them annually to journey to an ancestral breeding home for the purpose of reproducing their kind. If undisturbed, enough young are reared to offset the losses caused by old age, epidemics of disease, cold storms, and predatory birds and mammals. But, if their breeding be interfered with even for one season, the species is weakened; and, if they are attacked year after year on their breeding grounds, they must soon be exterminated, not enough young being produced to keep up the stock.

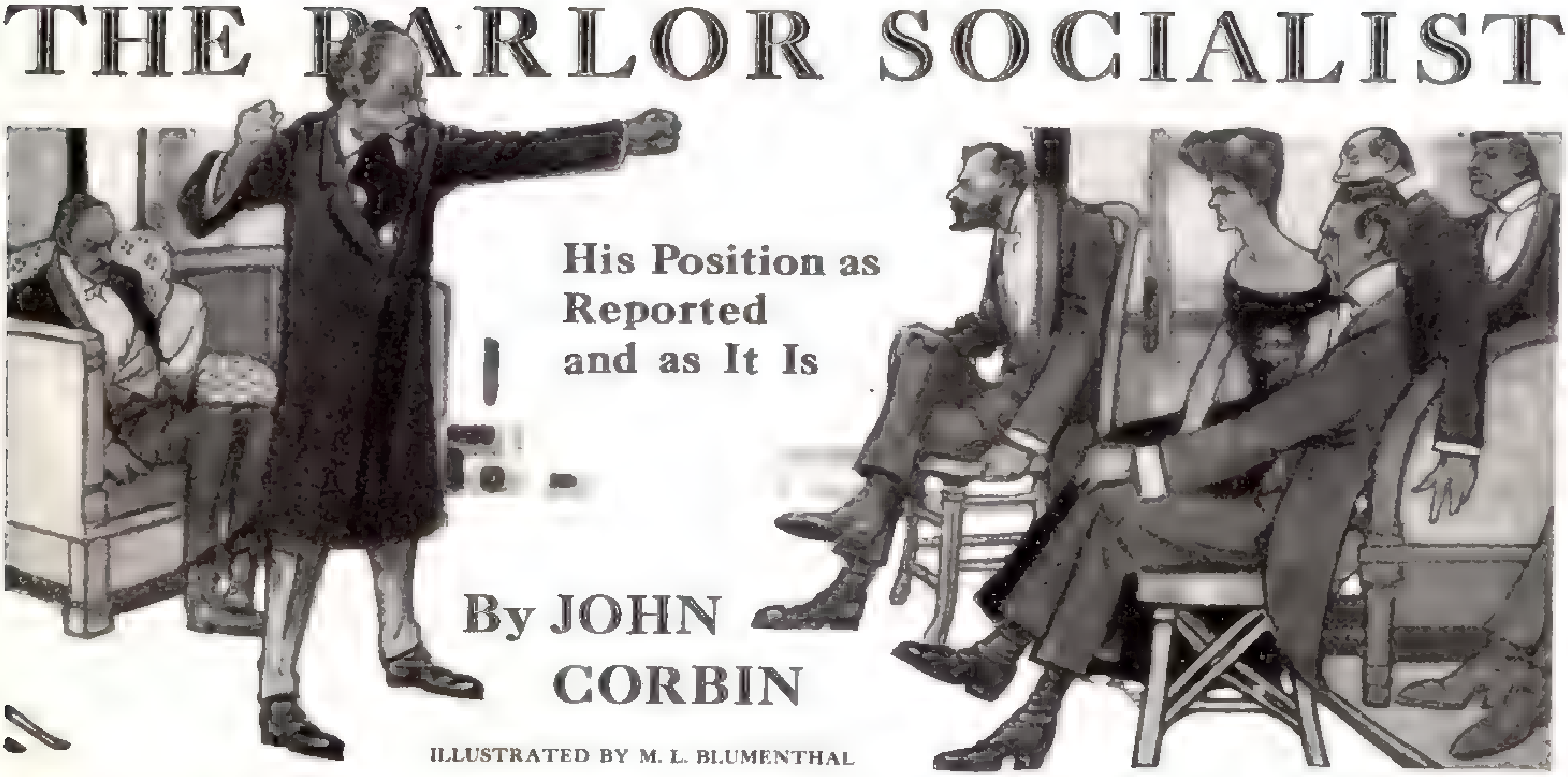
It was by such ruthless means that bird life in this country was reduced, as already stated, fifty per cent. in a period of fifteen years—that is to say, the fifteen years immediately antedating the establishment of the first Federal reservation, on Pelican Island, in 1903. Since then, however, there has been a great and overwhelming upgrowth of popular sentiment in behalf of feathered creatures, and tens of thousands of persons hitherto thoughtless in regard to such matters have begun at least to wonder whether it is not better and more reasonable to treat such beautiful and innocent animals as friends, and to invite their companionship, than to wage relentless war upon them. Whence comes the movement which has brought into existence the "refuges" here described, and to which must be attributed the glad fact that our wild birds have finally turned the fateful corner, and are to-day beginning to regain to some extent their lost and lamented numbers.

Colony of Albatrosses on Layson Island

THE PARLOR SOCIALIST

His Position as Reported and as It Is

By JOHN CORBIN



ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

FROM the newspaper point of view the parlor socialist is a deadly serious person, and, therefore, supremely ridiculous. Certain examples have become widely familiar.

A young woman descended from a leading Colonial family, and mistress of one of the greatest of modern fortunes, undertakes the rôle of Lady Bountiful from the basis of a most splendid and luxurious country house built by the most celebrated American architect. But she meets with dogged opposition from the local parish on a question of architectural taste. The newspapers exploit her predicament in column upon column of broad satire. But they neglect the fact that, in the end, she has her way.

A young man, equally well born and solvent, interests himself in Settlement work, marries the reporter of one of the Yiddish papers of the East Side, and settles among his wife's people with a view to studying and bettering their condition. But others besides their "brothers" and "comrades" of the Ghetto claim democratic interest in them. From early morning to midnight they are besought by the press, and whether or not they submit to be interviewed they are misrepresented and ridiculed. To gain a normal privacy they are obliged to retire from the Bowery to the country. That is funny—in a way. Their new home is funnier. It is on an island in the Sound, so small that to make it habitable they are obliged to wall it about against the waves. The chief features of the bungalow they built on it are a general room for meetings of their social comrades, and many small bedrooms to put them up for the night. What is easier than to draw a deadly contrast between their socialistic life among the proletariat and this spacious private bungalow on a walled island? Meantime, their work of socialism goes on uninterrupted.

It is the way of the world. When folks hold views different from those of the community in which they live, the primitive instinct of that community is to burn them at the stake. To-day, we resort to that modified mode of torture, caricature. The danger here is less immediate and obvious, but perhaps as great. To go back only a few years, Wagnerites were long-eared and Ibsenites long-haired. To-day the parlor socialist is a highbrow. But Wagner soon became so grossly popular that the demand for his operas bade fair to warp and stunt the repertory of the Metropolitan. Ibsen has been played in every city of the land, and is winning toward the suburbs. In similar manner, unless the lowbrows take thought, socialism will engulf them. Already the socialist vote is a factor in national politics, and socialistic legislation the bugbear of Wall Street.

The ounce of prevention lies in seeing the case as it is. The signal and important fact is that parlor socialists are very far from being overserious. If they believed the things they do in deadly earnest they would not be amusing. They would be leaders of what Karl Marx set out to effect—the mightiest revolution in the history of the world. When, as usually happens, the parlor socialists run into a vein of the human comedy, they are more poignantly aware of it, more deeply amused by it, than the public which views the event only in the distortions and falsifications of the press. How many who have laughed at their predicaments ever stop to think that they number among them one of the foremost wits and also one of the foremost humorists of the English-speaking world? That, at least, is the estimate generally put upon Bernard Shaw and Peter Dunne.

Shaw a Socialist and Yet a Capitalist

"WE WERE so convinced," wrote Shaw, "that socialism had only to be put clearly before the working-classes to concentrate the power of their immense numbers into one irresistible organization, that the revolution was fixed for 1889—the anniversary of the French Revolution—at latest. I remember being asked satirically and publicly at that time how long it would take to get socialism into working order if I had my way. I replied with spirited modesty that a fortnight would be ample for the purpose. . . . I was frequently complimented on being one of the more reasonable socialists."

This confession was in 1888. In 1898, commenting on the (very moderate) success of his first play to be produced commercially, Arms and the Man, Shaw said: "As for me, I opened a modest banking account and became comparatively conservative in my political opinions."

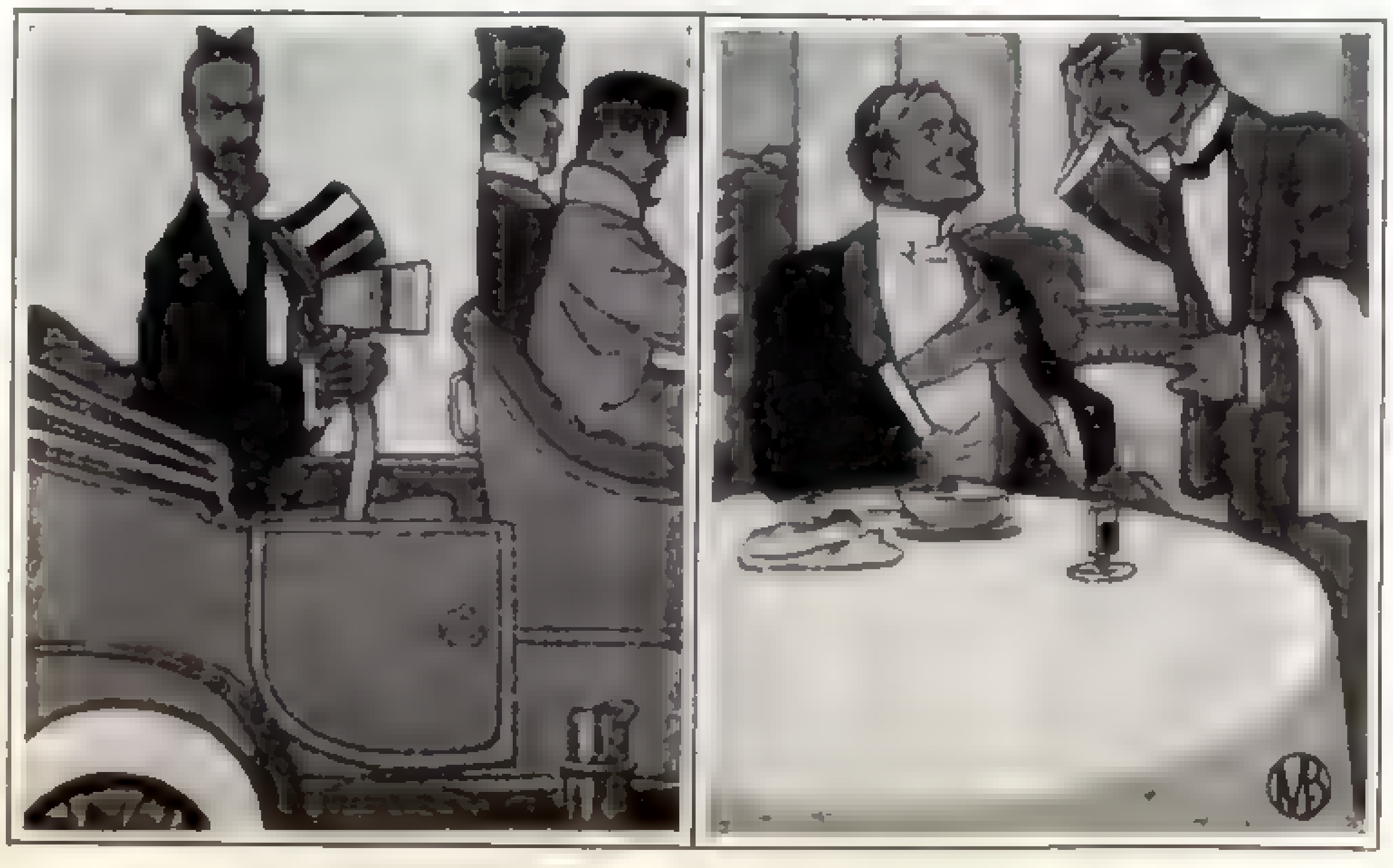
Experience teaches and property modifies the parlor socialist. For some years past Shaw has demanded the very high royalty of ten per cent. on all his plays, and, though still professing socialism, he self-satirically admits his guilt as a capitalist. He is a landlord and an owner of bonds in more companies than he can keep track of. "My property is managed by an agent. Although he does ninety-five per cent. of the work, I only give him five per cent. of the rentals, according to the custom of the present state of society. I only do five per cent. of the labor in connection with my property, but, of course, I do it so much better than the agent does his part that I am entitled to almost all the profits."

A quarter of a century ago Shaw inveighed against "equipages and race-horses" and other "luxuries in the hands of the rich." But to-day, with the proceeds of his ten per cent. royalties invested by an agent, he runs an automobile and dramatizes breaches of the speed laws.

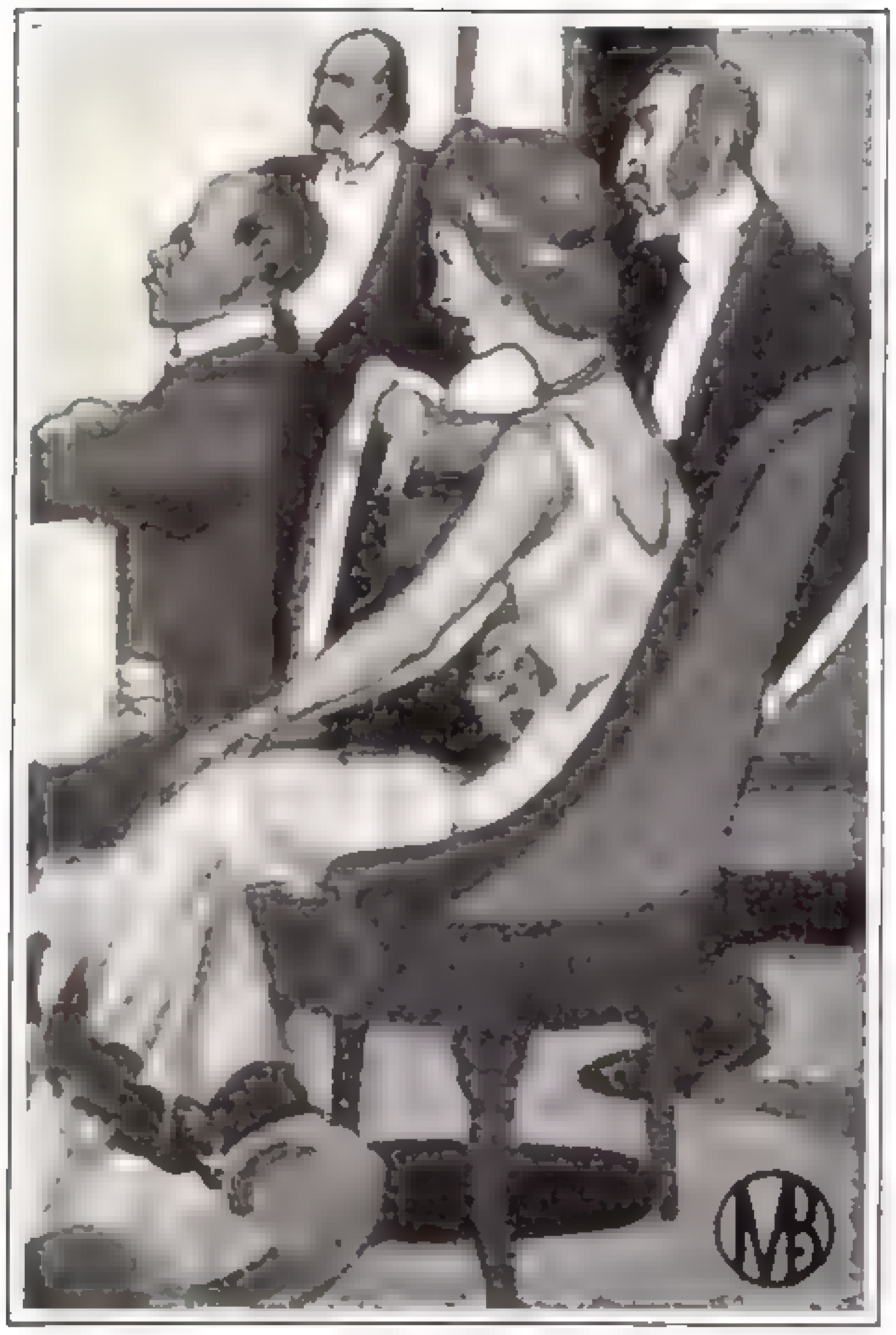
Mr. Dunne is no less pointed. While dining lately at Delmonico's he was asked how he reconciled his position with his principles. "The waiters here," he explained, "if you come often enough, soon recognize you as a comrade and a brother. There is no place in town where they treat you less contemptuously and more democratically."

When such men are ridiculed in the press they may very well say, as Shaw once said when asked what he thought of the criticisms on his latest play: "I could do it better myself!"

The lesser lights of socialism has each his individual vein of humor. Lady Bountiful was once encountered on her way to the races, in a private car, clad in a gown made all of royal ermine, and reading a volume bound in crushed Levant, exquisitely tooled. The book was Robert Hunter's Poverty. Again, having taken her children to church, she retired to a grove near by and when church was out was found there—reading Spencer. Between the periods of a polo game, as she sat in her automobile, she read the New Testament—to her the original Bible of socialism—in Temple pocket edition of the books bound separately.



Two Prominent Socialists, G. Bernard Shaw and F. Peter Dunne



In the Drawing-Rooms of Plutocracy

Always a parlor socialist should be allowed to describe his own futilities; and he will always describe them to any one who faces with composure the prospect of being tied to the third rail of his eloquence. One man told me the story of his life, and how he evolved from a socialist of the overalls into a socialist of the parlor. As far as I can I shall use his own words, though much curtailment is necessary, and, for obvious reasons, certain personalities are disguised. As for his admirable vein of self satire, mingling as it did with an unshaken faith in his cause, I despair of reproducing it.

The Evolution from Overalls

I AM a socialist born in the overalls. My father had been a member of the Brook Farm colony, and my first memory, years after that, is of sitting with him at breakfast.

"Grace before meat," he would say, as Asqueth lifted me to my tall chair and pinned the bib beneath my chin.

It was the happiest moment of my day. I would clutch my big spoon and, banging it against my bread-and-milk bowl, cry in a loud voice: "Property is theft, Daddy! Hooray for the revolution!"

Then Asqueth would fill my bowl with milk and break the bread into it. I have that bowl yet, all battered and dented with my spoon, though it is as solid a piece of Georgian silver as you could find in Old Bond Street.

Only one thing marred my enjoyment of grace. Somehow I felt that the butler disapproved. One morning—I must have been upward of seven—I turned upon him and commanded: "You say it, too, Asqueth!" Pretending not to hear me, he turned to the sideboard and fussed with the coffee-urn. "You say it, too!" I repeated, banging my bowl, now filled, so that it slopped far and wide on my tray.

Asqueth turned to my father.

"Gospel truth!" my father said, though he must have been smiling in a way he had, which I came to know later

"I wouldn't say, sir, that *your* property is theft."

"*I* would," said my father.

Asqueth left the room.

But in the end I made him repeat grace every morning. As I say, I am a socialist born in the overalls.

Figuratively speaking, that is, I was fifteen before I got any real idea of socialism or of overalls. My father had taken me to a Christmas extravaganza, and we were going to our home in Washington Square on a Broadway car. At Tenth Street I saw a long line of thinly-clad men huddling in wretched silence on the pavement before a Vienna bakery. It was a bread line of the unemployed, and my father told me that there were over two thousand destitute men in the city, and that, though the baker gave nightly much more than the accumulated broken bread of the day, and many gallons of hot coffee, all those who were not well ahead in the bread line were turned away hungry and cold. Many women and children were without food that snowy night of Christmas week, perhaps also without shelter.

And we were returning to our comfortable old home from the laughter and brilliance of the theatre!

"But, Daddy!" I protested as we entered the house, tears running down my cheeks, "property is theft!" I was all for bringing the unfed bread line to Asqueth and the icebox.

My father explained that, though a socialist, he was a Fabian socialist. Private charity would soon exhaust the most lavish philanthropy, and, even if it did not, the effect would only be to make it cheaper and safer for capital to keep on exploiting labor. Economically considered, the good baker was an enemy of the people. Picking up a volume published by the Fabian Society he read me its motto: "You must wait for the right moment most patiently, as Fabian did when warring against Hannibal, though many censured his delays; but, when the time comes, you must strike hard, as Fabian did, or your waiting will be in vain and fruitless." I have never seen my father take his bedtime walnuts and port with better relish.

The Roman General's real name, as I have since learned, was not Fabian but Fabius—Quintus Fabius Maximus Verrucosus. But, of course, he couldn't help that.

The Fabian attitude still seemed to me inconsistent, even insincere. I was so excited that I couldn't sleep. They say that children are savages; but never since have I felt as deep and heartrending pity as at the thought of those starved and shelterless women and children.

The next morning I got out a pair of blue overalls I used to wear in the country. At noon I made Asqueth put my lunch in a tin box, and ate it sitting in the snow in the back yard. When I got over the cold and fever the overalls and dinner-box had disappeared, and Asqueth said I wasn't to have them. A Fabian must wait most patiently, my father said.

I waited. But they couldn't prevent my wearing my old clothes and being otherwise like a working-man. Asqueth was horribly shocked, and never ceased to wake me with the old summons: "Your bath is quite ready, sir." But by and by, I noticed, he stopped drawing the bath.

I had yet to learn, however, how hard it is to be advanced and at the same time consistent and sincere. One day, years later, I took notice of my cousin Muriel. She had put her hair up and her skirts down, with the result that I couldn't get her out of my mind. Up to now I hadn't liked her at all. Whenever I got down to a real serious talk with her about the proletariat she would always introduce me to some homely girl. One rainy afternoon I found her all alone at teatime, Aunt Mary being out, and by dinnertime I flattered myself that my hard, cold facts were making some impression.

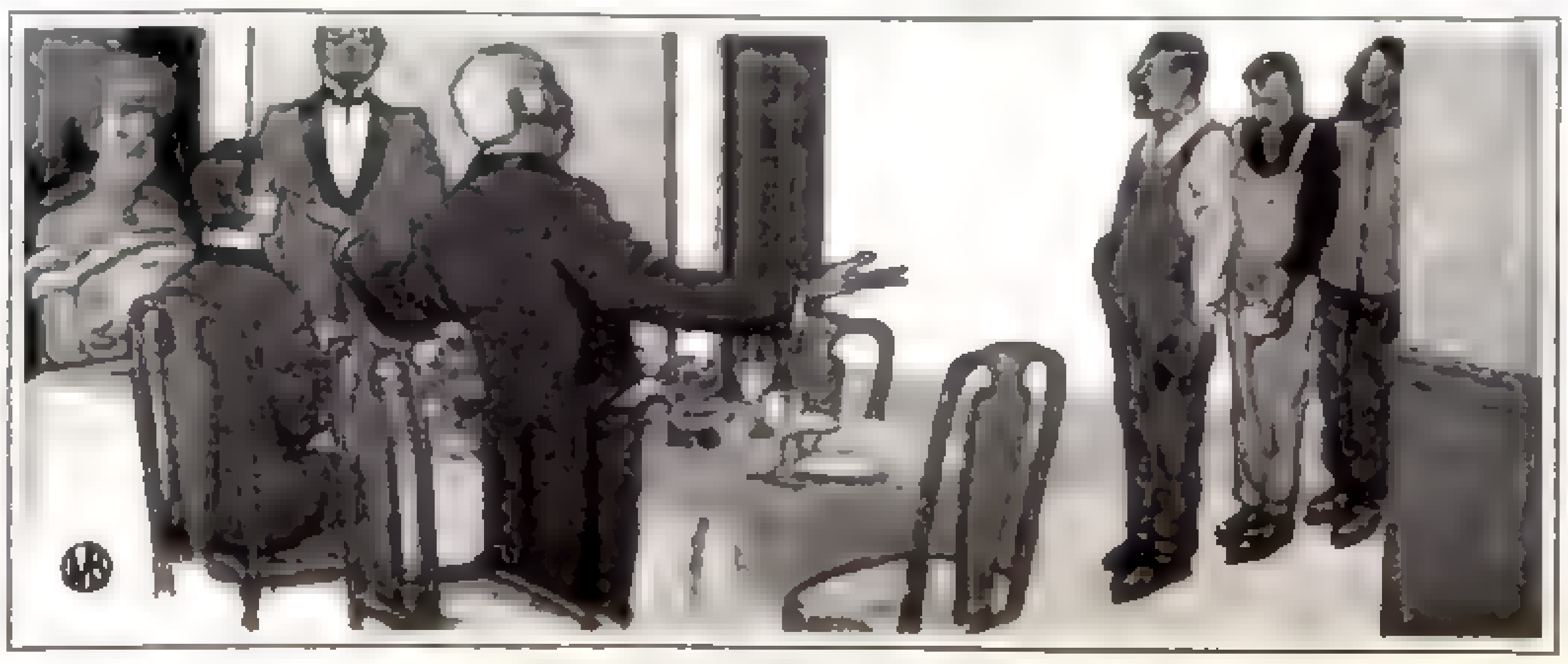
Suddenly I remembered what I had just read in a book on oratory—that in the whole armory of the rhetorician no weapon is so effective as a pause. I paused.

"My objection to socialists," Muriel quickly put in, "is that you are all so unpractical."

It was the old, exasperating cry; but I was glad to have Muriel think at all on the subject. "In what respect?" I asked.

"For instance, if you had put a newspaper in the seat of your overalls that time, you might still be taking your lunch in the snowbank."

The next afternoon I called Muriel up on the telephone and asked if I could take her and her governess to the theatre.



The Only Salvation for the Rich

"Do you want me to be quite frank?" she said. "Very well. On one condition I shall be very glad to go. You must get evening clothes and a top hat."

"I'll think about it," I said, and hung up the receiver.

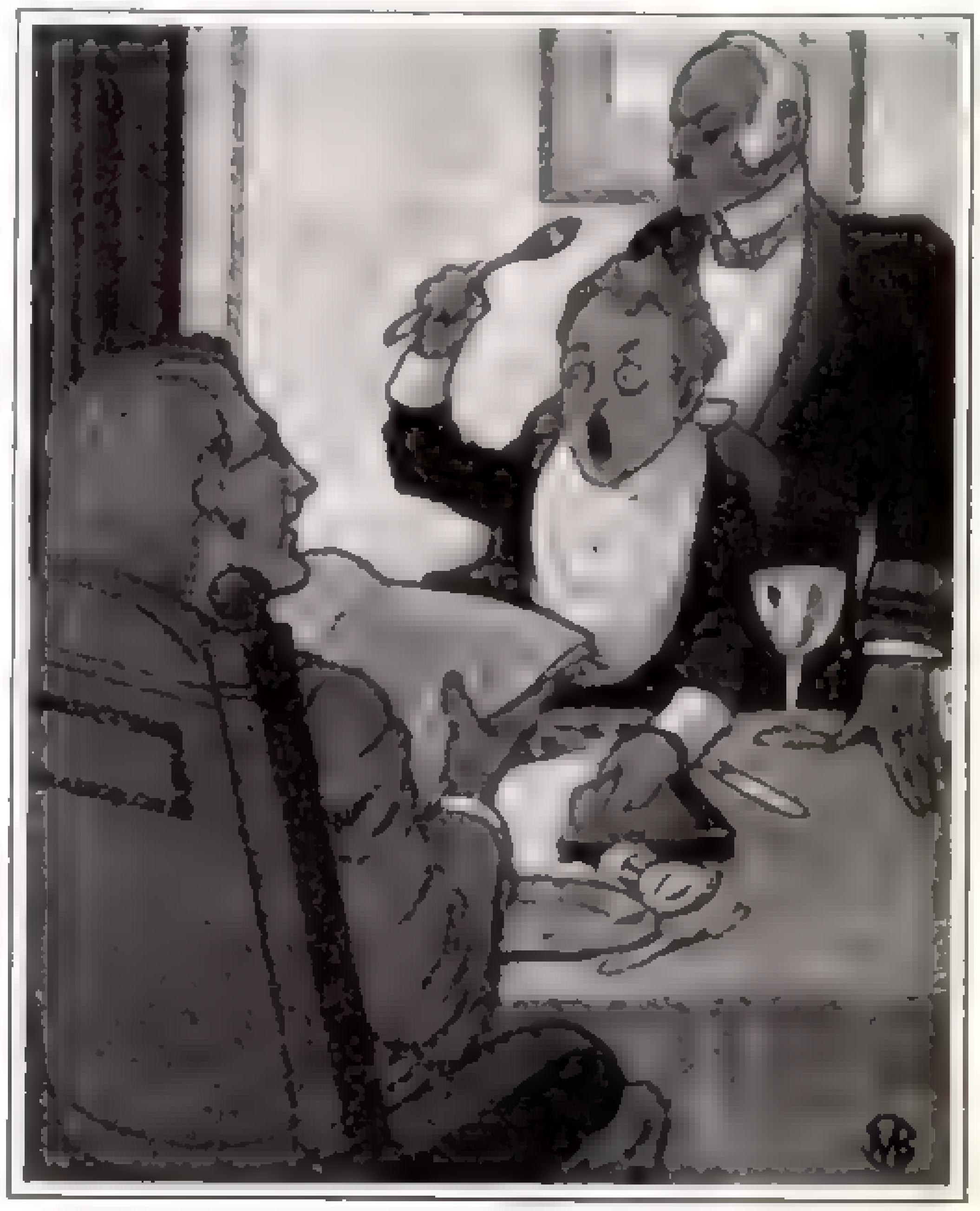
That next evening I telephoned her that I had ordered the clothes and the silk hat. Ten days later the clothes arrived.

When Muriel saw me she was positively nice, and talked seriously. My attitude of the working-man, she argued, was a worthy effort at consistency, but quite futile.

Tolstoy's Efforts at Consistency

I HAD long feared that this was true. The case of Count Tolstoy especially depressed me. In his effort at consistency he made shoes; but, as a traveler relates, they were very imperfect shoes, and he could not make his family wear them. The difficulty with regard to his ancestral fortune he solved by making it over to the family that refused his shoes. Where so able and great a man as Tolstoy had failed in consistency, it was no weakness in me to confess defeat. As for the theory of socialism, if there was anything in it I could advance it best among people of my own kind.

I certainly did want to see more of my cousin. So I became a parlor socialist. It was only a few weeks later, however, that Muriel's engagement was announced—to a capitalistic professor of economics at the university.



"Property is Theft, Daddy! Hooray for the Revolution!"

Though the parlor socialist relishes the humors of his personal inconsistency, he is slower to acknowledge the inconsistency of his traditional doctrines. It was to expose this that W. H. Mallock made his recent lecture tour among us. The crux lies in the reasoning by which Marx sought to prove that property is theft and capital a crime. It is really a very simple matter.

Marx took his definition of value from an older economist, Ricardo: "The value of commodities in general is determined by the amount of labor that goes to their production." Now Ricardo was speaking of a time, before machinery revolutionized industry and led the way to combination, when capitalism was comparatively undeveloped. The modern elements of vast financial responsibility and directive genius were not dreamed of. For the purposes of his general discussion Ricardo was able, without fallacy, to neglect these things. But Marx applied the general definition to a specific problem in a wholly different state of affairs; and in doing so he used the term labor to mean manual work alone. He settled the opposing claims of labor and capital, in short, by assuming at the outset that capital had no claim.

It is true that capitalists reserve what Marx calls the surplus value of labor; but this is not an

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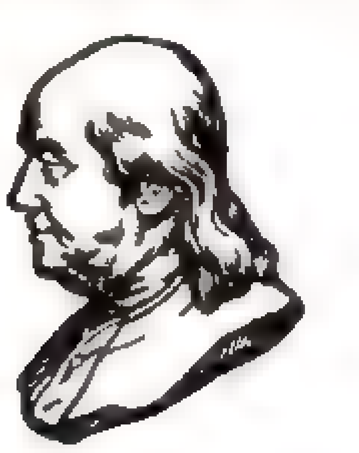
THE SATURDAY
EVENING POST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Uncle Joe as a Tariff Reformer

THE newspaper publishers of the United States are a powerful body. They have complained long and loudly of oppression. The Paper Trust, they say, charges them unconscionable prices. Repeatedly they have demanded, therefore, that the duty on wood pulp and print paper be removed. Some of them became quite fretful and alluded to the apathy of the Ways and Means Committee in a manner that was really unpleasant on the eve of a campaign. They convinced President Roosevelt, who, in his last message, spoke favorably of immediate repeal of this duty.

And now comes the House organization, headed by the Speaker in person, gallantly to the rescue. Not with a bill to repeal the duty; but with a set of ringing resolutions asking the Attorney-General, if he sees fit, to prosecute the trust, under the Sherman Act, for restraint of trade.

Now that Uncle Joseph has fairly set his puissant hand to redressing the abuses of the tariff in this manner we expect much of him. They say he is actually prepared, if the boot manufacturers grow too clamorous over the duty on hides, to have the Beef Trust arrested for spitting on the sidewalk. If American shipbuilders complain again that the Steel Trust handicaps them by selling plate to foreign competitors cheaper than to them, he will prosecute the trust for performing unnecessary labor on Sunday.

There is even some glimmer of hope for American artists who these many years have grieved over the idiotic barrier which the tariff erects against foreign works of art. The Speaker will not remove the duty, but he will join heart and soul in the crusade against ugly billboards.

A Little Sunshine in Politics

WE OBSERVE, with proper joy, a steadily rising tide of good feeling, respect, admiration and even affection among the leading men of both great political parties. This is as it should be.

Though opposed in principle, Republicans and Democrats should never forget their common humanity, and no shallow consideration of temporary party advantage should withhold from their lips those tributes to an opponent's personal courage, sincerity and ability which generous men love to pay.

As Mr. Taft forges ahead on the Republican side, and as no opposition to Mr. Bryan develops on the Democratic; as their respective leads for the respective nominations increase, in short, eminent Republicans and Democrats heap heartfelt encomiums upon gentlemen of the opposite party whose chances for the head of the ticket grow increasingly slim. Great Democrats freely praise Senator LaFollette, Governor Deneen and Secretary Cortelyou. Republican standard-bearers have only kind words for Governor Johnson, Governor Folk and Judge Gray. If Governor Hughes should lose his New York delegation the united Democratic heart would fairly yearn toward him.

If either party should nominate almost anybody except the man it does nominate, the other party would be fairly compelled to vote for him from sheer admiration for his sterling qualities of head and heart. This mutual candor and good will is highly encouraging to the humanist.

What the Banks Show

THE statement of December 3 showed that national banks of the country had outstanding about sixty-five millions of clearing-house certificates. All these have now been retired

The last statement showed that the banks held the record total of 826 millions cash—coin, legal tender and bank-notes against 732 millions in August, which was high-water mark at that time. Since December 3 they have gained 80 millions in gold alone; and their cash holdings now amount to twenty per cent. of their combined individual deposits.

In short, the position of the banks is very decidedly "strong." As regards that important element in business, the banking situation, nothing better could be asked for.

Evidently, as a stop-gap with which to meet a crisis, the clearing-house certificates that were resorted to last fall served most admirably. They performed, safely and cheaply, exactly the function that was necessary—and none other. Why, then, set up all the ponderous, dubious, possibly and probably harmful machinery that is proposed by the Aldrich bill to do the same thing?

What, really, is the impelling motive behind that piece of legislation? True, the bill has been improved by amendment. It was so bad originally that any amendment would have improved it. Though better by comparison, it is still positively bad. We hope the House will bury it.

Jingling the Cracked Pitchers

CARLYLE remarked that the ordinary liar expects, at least, to be believed, while the spouting rhetorician — the wind-jammer as we know him — has not even that poor excuse. Among many other things which the genial Scotchman could not abide was that mere oratory which is "without belief on the speaker's part or hope of producing belief on the hearer's. . . . The light of a man shining all as a paltry phosphorescence on the surface of him"

"Is there no sacredness any longer in the miraculous tongue of man?" he inquired. "Is his head become a wretched cracked pitcher on which you jingle to frighten crows and make bees hive? He fills me with terror, this two-legged Rhetorical Phantasm!"

The State conventions have begun, with their set speeches and prearranged resolutions—mostly lies—right down to the tumultuous applause, which, also, is carefully prearranged. It is still a belief among those who have the managing of such affairs that a prodigious jingling of cracked pitchers is needful to make men hive; but we think that is a mistake. Party politics is held in some contempt, and will be while there is so much claptrap about it.

The Meaning of an English Election

WE WISH they could get it settled whether the Government's sore defeat in that Peckham election means that the sturdy common-sense of the great middle class is rousing to the defense of those time-honored institutions, or whether it means merely that the Peckham electors will stand no interference with their beer.

The point is really important. The Government is undoubtedly infected with radical notions—speaks kindly of old-age pensions, working-men's insurance and so on. Also, it has leanings toward temperance; has proposed that the number of tippling-houses be reduced.

The Peckham electors were obviously displeased at something. Perhaps they took alarm at the recent vote of one hundred and odd in favor of Government employment of idle workmen. Perhaps they were indignant at the thought of having to walk two blocks farther for a drink. Nobody is sure. And that is often as near as you can get to knowing what an election does really mean.

Empty Honor in Home Rule

ONE can imagine stony indignation as filling many imperial breasts when the House of Commons resolved, by 313 to 157, that Ireland ought to have home rule, with a national parliament at Dublin and an executive responsible to that parliament. The resolution is merely an opinion, of no immediate effect; yet it does point horridly to "dismemberment of the empire."

The population of Ireland decreased from above eight millions in 1841 to under four and a half millions in 1901; and when Irishmen by the million left Ireland on account of conditions set up there by England there was a wrench, we think, much more tragic and more worth lamenting than any dismemberment, on paper, of the paper thing called union.

The three sovereigns, occupying the throne since there has been virtual union, whom the English deem greatest and most admirable—namely, Elizabeth, Cromwell and William of Orange—are exactly the three whom the Irish hold in greatest detestation. Which sufficiently illustrates the sympathy between the two peoples. When Cromwell got through pacifying the country about one-third of the good land remained in the hands of natives; when William got through, about one-seventh. Still they were not pacified. Macaulay pleasantly observes that, in William's time and later, the feeling of the Anglo-Saxons toward the natives was about like that of the Southern planters, before the war, toward the blacks.

Resting upon such foundations, the English government of Ireland has naturally been a quite uniform and ghastly failure. Why it should be for the honor and glory of the empire to perpetuate the failure is an exceedingly abstruse problem in patriotism.

Talking to Open-Air Meetings

OPEN-AIR mass-meetings were useful when printing was a rare art. Nowadays, we think, they are useless and a good deal of a nuisance. Collecting thousands of unemployed, or any others, on a city square in order to deliver some indifferent speeches to them is a dubious benefit under any conditions. Under the condition that they are liable to have trouble with the police it is no benefit at all.

But these general considerations have actually nothing to do with the case. In New York, Chicago and other cities the police have forbidden and dispersed gatherings to hear speeches of a sort that did not meet their approbation. It has been much asserted, and is unquestionably believed by many, that in doing this the police have denied that right of free speech which is guaranteed by the Constitution. Whether this view is correct we do not know, and it seems to us really important that everybody should know.

The right of free speech is a rather precious possession. How far police discretion may go in the way of limiting it ought to be more definitely determined and declared. A conviction, on the part of many people, that their constitutional right is denied is not a condition that makes for quiet. We would rather see a test case—based, say, on the recent gathering in Union Square, New York—than to hear mere declamations. The point needs settling

The Trappings of the Ambassador

ADMITTEDLY, there are a number of things—such as the funny mace in the House of Representatives—that really belong in the old trunk in the attic which contains great-grandmamma's wedding gown. Reading the earnest discussion as to whether our representative at Berlin should be a man of fortune, able to spend a hundred thousand a year on social entertainments, we wonder if, possibly, an Ambassador may be one of those things.

The German Government, for example, having something to say to the Government of the United States, cables it over, and a messenger boy could deliver it to Secretary Root as well as an Ambassador—almost as impressively, too, if he wore Knights of Pythias regalia and went in an automobile.

In these wireless days the Ambassador speaks with one ear to the telephone. The stream of communication between him and his Government is constant. The more constant communication is, the less, generally, is left to his discretion. We suspect—if the awful secrets of diplomacy could be revealed—that his discretion is already mostly limited to a choice between wearing his sky-blue silk pants or his sea-green ones when he goes to deliver the note.

The first Earl of Portland, we believe, made a great stroke for England by appearing at Paris with more horses, servants and cooks than any other Ambassador had. But the notion that German or English or French opinion of the United States nowadays may be influenced by the state in which our Ambassador lives is merely ludicrous.

Nor are we impressed by the plea that he can get more valuable information for his Government by hobnobbing with the opulent, entertaining lavishly, setting 'em up, so to speak, with a prodigal hand. Our friend, the city editor, tells us that formerly several bright young reporters worked that same argument on him, but he knows better now.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶ The laziest thing on earth is the busybody.

¶ The noise of the auto isn't any measure of its speed.

¶ Many a "mighty intellect" is only a superior memory

¶ Talent is only near-genius: it knows too much for one man and not enough for two.

¶ The commonplace sheep follow the bell-wether, but the political animal trails meekly after the party-wolf

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Duke of West Virginia

WHAT is this news that comes chirping over the cable? What are these words that trickle in from Rome? The King of Italy intends to make Stephen Benton Elkins a duke, or something, in order to equalize matters pending the marriage of Miss Elkins to the Duke of the Abruzzi. Ha; or, as Senator Scott, his colleague, would say: Ha! Ha! Ha!

It seems the Duke of the Abruzzi has a look in at the Italian throne. If a large number of coroneted and otherwise uplifted persons should pass away in a group—persons now abiding in Sunny It and having no occupation except to hope those between them and the crown will choke—the Duke might get to be King. Wherefore, it would be exceedingly bad form for the papa-in-law of the prospective King a long, dim, mimeographed prospect, by the way—to have no titles, and it is the idea of the present King to pin a few decorations on the manly chest of Stephen, to go to the button-box and get a button or two for him in order that there may be no comeback from the other crowned heads of the world if somebody should come around one bright morning, tap the Duke of the Abruzzi on the shoulder and say: "Hustle down to the palace and get on the job."

The King of Italy undoubtedly means well, but he lacks full information. He hasn't kept up his card index on the name of Elkins. Stephen Benton Elkins can show a line of titles as long as any Italian scion of nobility, and, what is more, if he needs others he is the boy who can go out and get them. Titles for Stephen Benton Elkins! Forsooth! Look what he has now: Duke of West Virginia, Graf of Grafton, Margrave of Sisterville, Grand Elector of Parkersburg, and Prince of Gassaway and Gracelands. Come on, you puny Italian princelings and lay your goods down on the counter! If more are needed, if this bewildering array is not enough, we might be able to slip down to New Mexico and tack on a few Spanish ones, just to help along, for, as is known to everybody, Mr. Elkins has been acquiring titles for many years, titles not only for himself, but, also, to various mines, railroads, coal lands, timber lands, ranches and other bric-à-brac of a similar nature, including a large and lucrative interest in Henry Gassaway Davis, late candidate for Vice-President on the Democratic ticket—one of the latest, in fact, we have had in some years, inasmuch as he never did get started until it was all over.

Senator Elkins' Creed

IT SEEMS absurd, when we look at it calmly, after the first outburst of derision, that the King of Italy should think any punk title within his gift could add to the majesty, the dignity or the availability as a relative of Stephen Benton Elkins. We who have known him all these years can do naught but laugh at this befogged monarch over there in Italy, beating his kingly forehead with his mailed fist and scanning the royal almanac to see where he can pick out something that will fit the case. Stephen Benton Elkins needs no titles from that musty Court. Not he. But—and just here a few words for the kingly ear, kind words of kinder advice—if Elkins ever becomes a relative of that Court, it is up to the Court to watch out. Stephen will have the haughty head of the House of Savoy working for him as a chauffeur before he has been around the palace for a week, and will be doing the reigning himself.

You see, we have watched Stephen perform for years and years, and he is a good, consistent performer. His creed is simple and may be divided into two sections: (a) When you want anything, go out and get it; and (b) bring it back with you. He is a large and forceful man, with a most pleasant and engaging countenance, and a smile that would lure a bird out of a tree. However, indissolubly connected with that pleasant and engaging countenance is one large and protuberant chin, somewhat rectangular in form, and adding what might be called a tinge of firmness to the ensemble. There is always a twinkle in those eyes, a real genial twinkle, and always there is the appealing smile; but when you look into that frank, open, ingenuous face and mentally decide here is a person on whom you can unload something, a flash at that chin causes a hasty revision of your decision. Meanwhile, Mr. Elkins has unloaded something on you.

He has been fortunate in his environments. He was born in Ohio, where he acquired his political sense. He was educated in Missouri, where he acquired the disconcerting habit of requiring to be shown. He went to New Mexico, where he acquired Spanish, two terms in the House of Representatives, the basis of a fortune and some other desirable appurtenances, and from there he proceeded to West Virginia, where he acquired a Cabinet place under Harrison, a Senatorship, Henry Gassaway Davis, and several additional tons of that vulgar dross we call money.

Il Duca della Virginia Occidentale

Reference has been made to his New Mexican titles, but, in reality, they are merely subsidiary. West Virginia is the correct Elkins principality. The House of Savoy has been dubbing along in Italy for centuries, doing the best it could, and it hasn't much to show for it. The House of Elkins has been doing business in West Virginia for about thirty years, and what it has to show for it is the whole show: S. B. Elkins, general manager, and H. G. Davis, silent partner, and not so blamed silent, at times, when it comes to that.

One of the first stirring articles a new correspondent writes when he comes to Washington to tell the public just what is what hereabouts is a strong piece about the Millionaires' Club, meaning the Senate. In the old days it was easier than it is now, for it was neat and impressive to start off with William A. Clark, of Montana, at a hundred millions, or two hundred, or six, for that matter, if the typewriter was working well. Now, of course, Clark has gone, has left that forum of discussion where he never discussed anything, except on that fateful day when he beat them to it and resigned, and the Millionaires' Club is lacking its most conspicuous member. Still, there are a few left, and the list looks pretty good. Along about third or fourth from the top the name of Stephen B. Elkins always appears. They shove him at anywhere from twelve to thirty millions.

While it is quite probable the banks would not accept a rating given in a Millionaires' Club piece, it can be stated authoritatively that Mr. Elkins can take a little vacation any time he likes and not be worried about the hotel bill, which information, mayhap, has been noted by the House of Savoy. You see, West Virginia is a sizable State, with things underneath it and on top of it that can be cashed in in the busy marts of trade, and Stephen B. Elkins not only knows the way to market, but owns a good section of the underneath and the on top.

A Slap on the Wrist for Naughty Railroads

WITH that rare, that precise, that almost preternatural sense of the fitness of things so frequently observed in the making of committee assignments in the United States Senate, Mr. Elkins was selected to be chairman of the Committee on Interstate Commerce. It is most fitting that a man of his great experience in railroading and in all transportation problems should hold this place. Formerly it was held by Uncle Shelby Cullom, of Illinois, and nobody ever accused him of knowing the difference between a differential and a preferential, nor did he make any claims. Soon, however, there came a chance to put Uncle Shelby at the head of Foreign Relations, and then Mr. Elkins took the committee, signaling his advent with his justly-celebrated Elkins Anti-Rebating Bill, by the terms of which any railroad caught rebating on and after said date would be slapped on the wrist three severe slaps. A railroad man himself, holding intimate relations with all the other big railroad men of the country—who could be better fitted to deal with the railroad problems of the Senate? Not a soul, unless, perchance, it might be E. H. Harriman.

But that is neither here nor there. What concerns us is the news that Victor Emmanuel III has designs on Stephen B. Elkins and may decide to make him a duke. If he does he will discover Elkins saw it coming a long time ago and made a duke out of himself, Duke of West Virginia, which he holds in feoff, as gentlemen have discovered who tried to take it away from him. Still, kings are dull. Victor Emmanuel may persist, and, if he does, there is naught left to do but recall to Mr. Elkins those immortal words of his father-in-law, Henry Gassaway Davis, who, when he was notified, in 1904, at White Sulphur Springs, of his nomination for the Vice-Presidency, advanced to the edge of the platform, out there under the trees, and in a voice shaking with emotion said: "Oh, my fellow-Americans, don't, I beg of you, go and do what them Romans done."

Barking Up the Wrong Tree

UNCLE JOE CANNON and Uncle Shelby Cullom, Senator from Illinois, both devote considerable time to the specialty of looking like Abraham Lincoln, and have certain hirsute and other resemblances to one another.

When the pressure for committee places in the House was on last fall a Western member wanted to go on Appropriations. He telegraphed a big man from his district to come on and help him. The man came. He had never met Speaker Cannon, but he was heavy enough to make his recommendation of some weight. On the night of his arrival the Western member took him to a White House reception. The two were separated in the crush. Later in the evening the Western member met his friend, who said: "I've had good luck. I met Uncle Joe here, and I went right up to him and spoke to him about your case. I gave it to him good and strong, and he seemed to be impressed."

"But," said the Western member, "I understand Uncle Joe is not here to-night."

"The dickens he isn't!" exclaimed the friend. "I tell you I have been talking to him. There he is, right over there."

"Get out," replied the Western member disgustedly; "that's Senator Cullom."

Got in the Line of Fire

JOHN SHARP WILLIAMS was conducting a little filibuster, or announcing one, rather. He said unless certain things were done he would introduce some dilatory motions.

Half a dozen Republicans protested. John Sharp looked at them in amazement. "I wasn't aiming at you," he said. "You remind me of a man I knew down in my State one time who met a negro on the road. The negro was carrying a turkey.

"'Boss,' he said, 'don't you wanter buy a turkey?'

"'Yes,' my friend replied, 'I'll buy it if it is a tame turkey. I don't want a wild turkey.'

"'This is a tame turkey, boss,' and my friend bought it.

"When he was eating it he bit on a shot. He bit on several shot. The turkey was full of shot. In a great anger he hunted up the negro and shouted: 'Here, you black scamp, what did you sell me that wild turkey for? It was full of shot.'

"'''Deed, boss,' the negro protested, 'that shot what was in that turkey wasn't shot at the turkey.'"

The Hall of Fame

ℭ Representative Hardwick, of Georgia, is the smallest man, physically, in the House.

ℭ Senator Culberson, of Texas, refuses to have his picture taken. He thinks it is bad luck.

ℭ Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, Republican, thinks it is of enough importance to say in his official biography "he was not affected by the silver craze in 1896."

ℭ John Sharp Williams, Democratic leader of the House and Senator-elect from Mississippi, intends to write a life of Thomas Jefferson when he gets around to it.

ℭ Aside from his job as President of the United States, President Roosevelt has one or two other positions. He is presiding officer of the Smithsonian Institution, one of the managers of the National Soldiers' Home, and patron of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb.

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Your Savings

FARM MORTGAGES AS INVESTMENTS

WHEN you examine the kind of investments made by the large and conservatively-managed life insurance companies you find that, with the exception of the three big New York companies, the safest and most profitable way of employing their funds in their judgment is in farm mortgages. It is estimated that to-day more than four hundred million dollars of the funds of the life insurance companies is invested in this way, and that private investors hold considerably more. If farm mortgages are such good investments for the life insurance companies and others, why should they not be good investments for the average investor with savings?

It would be difficult to find a better security anywhere than productive farm land. If intelligently handled it suffers no deterioration; it cannot move away; its values are intrinsic. The development of the American farm is like a magic story with its chapters of making the desert bloom and the arid regions teem with harvests. The conquest of the soil has added billions to our wealth. From 1900 to 1905 the value of our farm lands increased $6,130,773,076, while the total value of our farms, including the buildings on them, is $22,745,420,567. Thus the people who really own the United States are not the financial giants of Wall Street, but the farmers.

Like any other mortgage the farm mortgage is intimately associated with the people. It touches the home. In the old days the farmer who executed a mortgage was often in distress, and at the mercy of the usurious money-lender who delighted to foreclose. But like the mortgages on city property, the mortgages on farms have come to stand for development and have shared in the general organization of the investment business. This kind of lending has been reduced to a business science and is conducted on a plane fair alike to the borrower and the lender. Much of this has been due to the big demand for loans by insurance companies and other investors.

The Best Farm Mortgage

If you buy a bond you expect the security behind it to be as ample as possible. Since a farm mortgage involves lending money on the security of a piece of land, it follows that the land should be as valuable as possible. What, then, constitutes the best farm on which to lend your money? Summed up, the most desirable features in such land are.

1. The soil should be uniform and tillable

2. The farm should be located within that portion of the United States where the rainfall, as shown by Government reports covering a long period of years, is sufficient to mature the crops any average year. If the farm is irrigated it should be near a ditch which has the sources, and also has been in operation long enough, to insure an unfailing supply of water.

3. The farm should be within reasonable distance of a railroad.

In regions where these conditions are met the tendency of farms is to become more valuable all the time, and this, of course, makes the mortgages on them more attractive.

Having seen what the physical requirements are, it is equally important to see just how much money it is safe to lend. No mortgage is ever executed for a sum equal to the valuation of the property mortgaged. There must be leeway for possible depreciation and emergencies. The largest experience has shown that the conservative farm loan should not be more than fifty per cent. of the value of the land, exclusive of the buildings on it. Thus if the farm is valued at $10,000 the mortgage should not be for more than $5000. The amount of the loan varies with localities. In New York State, for instance, where the laws governing the investment of savings-bank funds are very rigid, these banks are permitted to lend sixty per cent. of the value of land secured by mortgage.

There is still another element in lending money on a farm, and this is the borrower.

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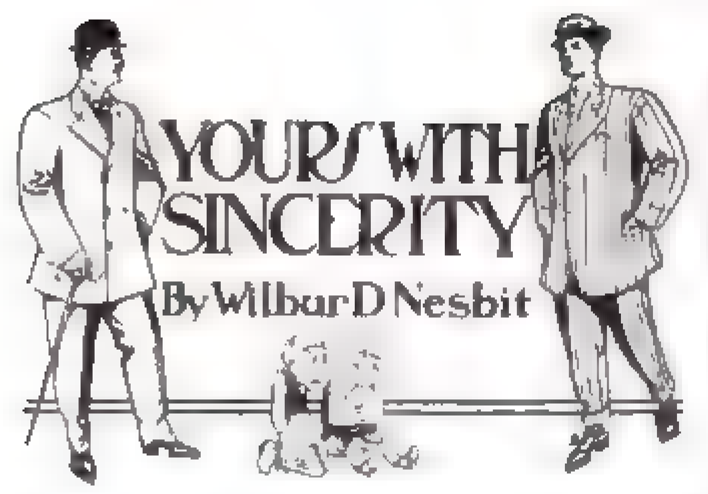


YOURS WITH SINCERITY

By Wilbur D Nesbit

A WHOLE LOT OF TROUBLE

THE other day I spent four hours in the factory where "Sincerity" clothing is made.

It is flooded with light; it is properly ventilated; it is *clean*

The workers have elbow-room, and they are paid salaries.

They were not bending over the goods, sewing madly, with tight-pressed lips and straining eyes, as *piece-workers* do.

There is absolutely nothing about *that* factory to induce one to hum "The Song of the Shirt."

It impressed me that here was one splendid solution of the problem of getting the *most* of the *best* work out of *good* operators When people are encouraged to put good-naturedness into their work it can only be a reflection of the good-nature instilled by their surroundings.

I watched one garment go through.

It seemed like a whole lot of *trouble*.

They began with the linings. They took the pieces and strips for the collar and shoulder foundations, with a little wool padding, and they sewed them and pressed them and fussed with them.

They put the garment together—and they cut the sections so that the pattern "matched" all over, even to pocket-flaps and they sewed each seam twice with silk thread.

It was a whole *lot* of trouble.

They set straps inside the coat so that the weight of the pockets hung on the shoulders. They put in the pockets so they couldn't rip.

It *was* a whole lot of trouble.

An artist in cloth and thread sewed in the sleeves, and another put on the collar; the buttons were sewed on good and tight.

It was a *whole lot* of trouble

Every now and then an inspector looked the work over, and if anything had been wrong (which it wasn't) he would have had it ripped apart and done over. Old Dr. Goose—the hot flat iron—doesn't put the shape into such garments as these.

Seventy different things were done to that garment, and done *precisely*, before it was dignified with a "Sincerity" label

And then it went on quickly and easily, the collar snapped right close up against the shirt collar, the front was smooth, with that artistic shapeliness from waist to shoulders, and the sleeves were just so.

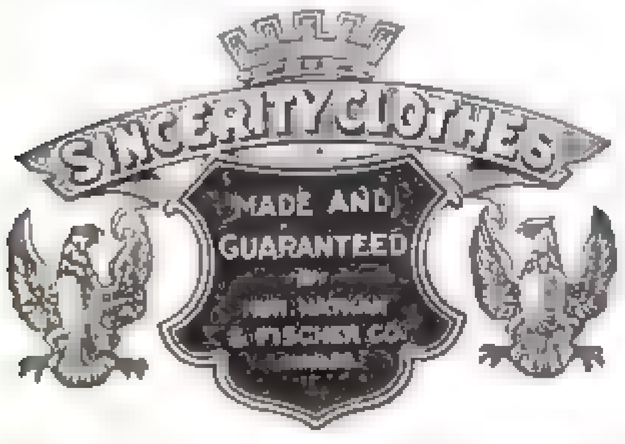
"It's a whole lot of trouble," I said to the man.

"Yes, but it's worth it," he explained.

And the long lines of electricity-driven sewing machines clicked and chattered wisely:

"It's *worth* it."

The idea is that the makers take all the trouble beforehand, so that there will be no possible chance of any clothes-trouble for *you* after you buy a suit or overcoat bearing this label:



We've gone to some trouble to prepare our 1908 style-book—but it's no trouble to mail it to you immediately on request. Glad to do it.

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Chicago.

A loan is safe and desirable only when the borrower has good standing in his community; when he is known to have paid his debts, and when he expects to use the money he borrows to make more money or to make his farm more productive. He may want to get new and improved farm machinery, more land, or to build a mill.

The ideal mortgage conditions do not apply to every agricultural community. Some States are more favored than others Since the most conservative and best organized farm mortgage buyers are among the life insurance companies, it is, perhaps, helpful to see just where they have placed their loans.

The life insurance companies have obtained the best security in the following places: Western Ohio, Iowa, Indiana, the northern two-thirds of Illinois, Southern Minnesota and that part of Minnesota known as the Red River Valley, Northwestern Missouri, the eastern part of the new State of Oklahoma, Eastern Kansas, Eastern Nebraska, parts of Wisconsin, that part of Texas known as the "Black Belt," the eastern portions of North and South Dakota, and some smaller irrigated districts.

Taking the individual case of the life insurance company which has the largest number of farm loans, the States where it has from three to ten millions of dollars in farm mortgages are, in the order of the extent of the loans: Iowa, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota, Ohio, Indiana, Wisconsin, South Dakota, Michigan and Kansas.

Take any one of the desirable States and you will see, from the reports of the Department of Agriculture, that the value of the farm lands there has increased steadily In Iowa, for example, the average increase in value of each acre of medium farm land from 1900 to 1905 (this being the date of the latest Government report) was $14.65. In Illinois the increase per acre was $20.48; in Missouri the increase per acre was $10 27.

The Yield to the Lender

The yield to the investor or lender on farm mortgages varies. As in any other investment, the return is lower as the security becomes better. A farmer with a second-class farm in a semi-arid region has been known to pay as much as ten per cent. interest on a mortgage. This is a big return to the lender, but it is a bad investment, because the crops on that farm are liable to fail and the land would not realize much when sold.

The rate of interest on farm mortgages depends upon the productiveness of the locality in which the farm is located, being lower in regions where farm lands are the most valuable. The average interest obtained by the life insurance companies ranges from 5 to 5½ per cent. This represents the average yield to the investor who buys a farm mortgage. On small mortgages—that is, those from two hundred dollars to eight hundred dollars—the rate of interest is often higher, which frequently makes the yield to the investor in them as much as seven per cent.

The borrower pays more than the face rate of interest received by the investor because he has to pay a commission to the loan agent who gets him the money. This often adds one per cent. a year to the total cost of the money to him.

The big life insurance companies and the investment companies dealing in farm mortgages have loan agents in all the Western cities, and they in turn have representatives in the county seats of rich and desirable agricultural counties

In some States, notably Illinois, local capital is sometimes sufficient to take care of the farm loan. Thus the lender is able to see the farm on which his money is loaned. Rates are generally lower in regions that are accessible to a financial centre, as, for example, in the country about Chicago. Much farm mortgage lending, however, is done at long range, and the lenders and investors must depend upon the accuracy and judgment of the loan and investment agents. The business of lending on farms has reached such a stage of development, however, that a man can sit at a desk in his office in Chicago or St. Louis, and by means of carefully-prepared maps and tabulated reports covering a long period of years tell just what is the loan value of a farm in Iowa or Kansas.

The average farm mortgage runs for five years. Many farm mortgages are renewed twice, which makes the usual life of the investment about fifteen years.

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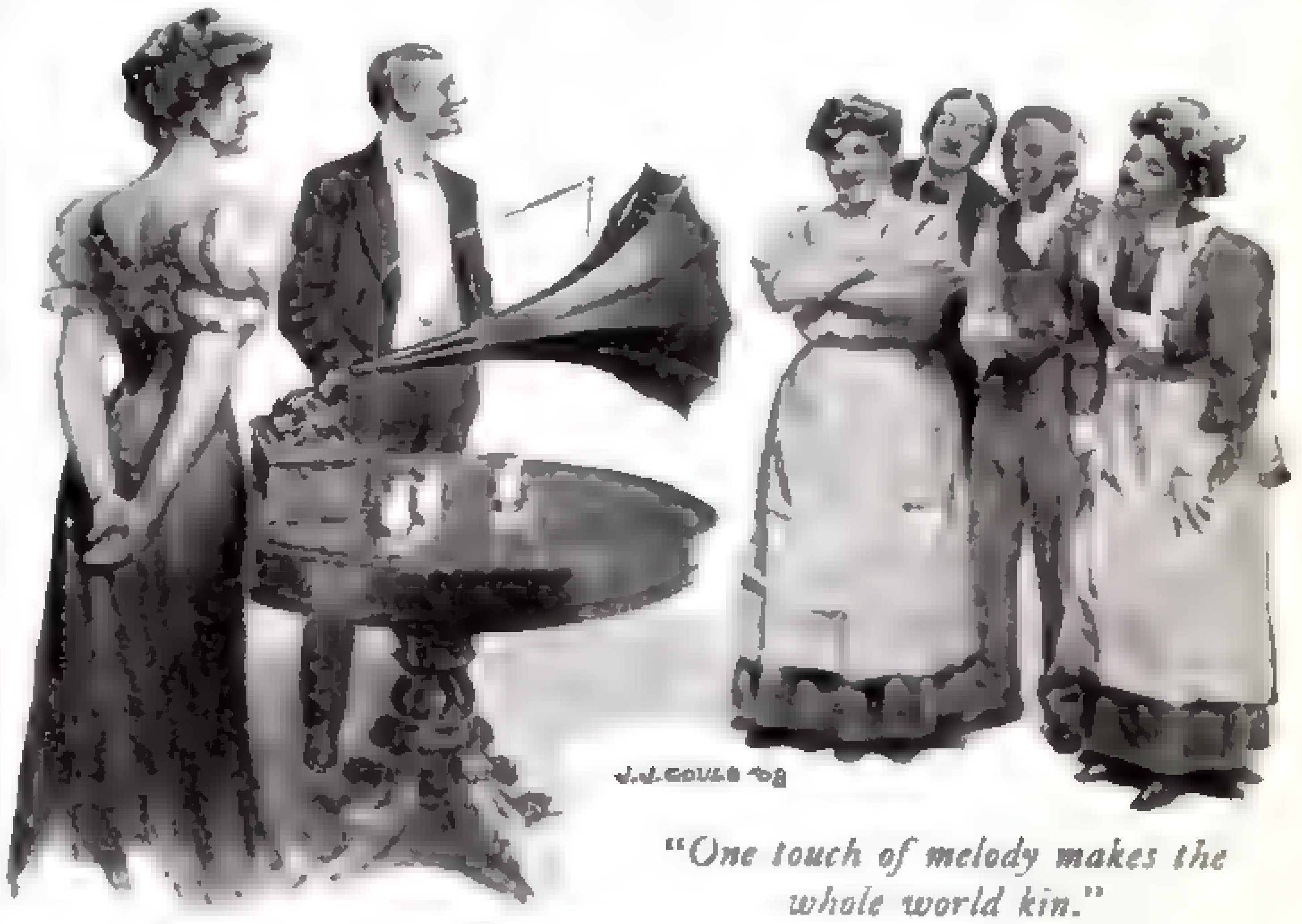

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are the work of artists of reputation. Each is perfect of its kind and many of your kind are included. You can hear them at any Edison store today. But first read over this list of the May Records and check off those you would like to hear.

9818	Down in a Coal Mine (Otto Langey)	Edison Concert Band
9819	If Those Lips Could Only Speak (Ridgwell & Goodwin)	Allen Waterous
9820	Chimmie and Maggie at "The Merry Widow" (Original Sketch)	Ada Jones and Len Spencer
9821	Love's Roundelay (Oscar Straus) from the Viennese Operetta "A Waltz Dream"	Anthony and Miller
9822	Somebody That I Know and You Know Too (Helf & Gardenier)	Manuel Romain
9823	My Gal Irene (Burt)	Collins and Harlan
9824	Tipperary (Grey, Fulton & Helf) Irish Song	Stella Tobin
9825	La Pa[illegible] (Greenwald)	Edison Symphony Orchestra
9826	When Sweet Marie Was Sweet Sixteen (Ball & Moore)	Frederic Rose
9827	My Mother's Prayer (Weeden & Van de Venter)	Edison Mixed Quartette
9828	Just One Word of Consolation (Lemonier & Williams)	Irving Gillette
9829	Under Freedom's Flag March (Nowowieski) A stirring march	Edison Military Band
9830	[illegible] (Hirsch & Lowitz)	Arthur Collins
9831	The Girl Who Threw Me Down (Gumble & Burt)	Edward M. Favor and Chorus
9832	One! Two! Three! All Over (Waters & West)	Billy Murray
9833	Jigs and Reels (Violin Solo)	Charles D'Almaine
9834	Hoo-oo, Ain't You Coming Out To-Night? (Ingraham)	Byron G. Harlan
9835	[illegible] (Von Tilzer & Mahoney)	Allen Waterous and Chorus
9836	Stuttering Dick (Wenrich)	Edward Meeker
9837	When You Steal a Kiss or Two (Clark) Bells Solo	Albert Benzler
9838	Pass It Along to Father (Von Tilzer & Bryan)	Ada Jones
9839	The Country Constable (Original)	Edison Vaudeville Company
9840	Sidewalk Conversation (Vaudeville Sketch)	Steve Porter
9841	A Wee Bit o' Scotch (Helf)	Edison Military Band

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Thomas A. Edison

Now the question arises: How is this investment accessible to the average investor? There are two ways to obtain such security. One is to buy the actual mortgage; the other to buy a bond that is secured by a farm mortgage.

Let us first take the case of the actual mortgage. In Chicago and other Middle Western cities you will find investment companies and agents that furnish farm mortgages to investors. The greatest care should be observed, however, in selecting an agent, because the value of the mortgage as an investment largely depends upon the agent's integrity and experience. The agent should confine the loan to that part of the agricultural West which has proved to be the best and safest loanable territory. He should not lure the investor into untried fields with promises of high interest; he should have an organization or facilities to enable him to follow the loan from the time it is made until it matures. This includes the proper drawing up of the papers, the investigation of the title, the collection of interest regularly and the prompt payment of taxes.

In most of the cities of the Mississippi Basin are trust companies that make a specialty of negotiating and selling farm loans on mortgages. They sell the actual mortgages or bonds or notes secured by mortgages. Often these trust companies act as trustees for farm loan companies and are depositaries for the mortgages used as security. The amounts of these mortgages range from $500 up and the average yield is from 5 to 6 per cent.

In buying the actual mortgage, which many wise investors prefer to do, you can get the deed of trust or mortgage and the abstract showing the title to the property. Accompanying the mortgage is usually a statement made by the borrower showing the location and character of his farm, the improvements, and the value he places on the whole. Frequently there is also the statement of the company's farm examiner who has examined the farm, and also a fire insurance policy on the buildings. The policy is additional security. The mortgage note has interest coupons attached, just like any other bond, and these may be cut off as they come due and sent in for collection. The advantage of buying the mortgage itself is that you know exactly what is the security behind your investment.

In some rich agricultural districts there are small mortgage companies who confine their business to the two or three counties adjacent, and thus they know almost every acre on which they lend

The debenture bond secured by farm mortgage is more marketable than the mortgage itself, but the yield is less. Like many other kinds of safe investment, this form was for a time discredited because of the practices of promoters who operated large debenture companies. For example, they took a group of farm mortgages aggregating $100,000 and against them issued from ninety to one hundred $1000 bonds or more bonds of smaller denomination These companies got anywhere from 7 to 9 per cent. on their loans to the farmers, and their bonds only paid from 5 to 6 per cent. Hence the profits were considerable. The system was all right. The mistake was in the selection of farm mortgages, many of which were undesirable. Besides, the promoters pocketed the profits as soon as they came in. The result was that many of these companies failed

This same system is still in operation, and debenture bonds, secured by farm mortgages, are issued by reputable investment companies and large trust companies. They guarantee both the principal and interest of the bonds. These bonds may be had in denominations of $500 and $100 and the prevailing rate of interest is 5 per cent. There are some $100 bonds that pay 4 per cent. Some of these bonds are listed on the local stock exchange. The interest is paid semi-annually. In general, it is prudent to do business only with a company or agent of the highest integrity and long experience.

GOOD ROADS AND GOOD TIMES

(Concluded from Page 5)

was, March 240, June 270. The above figures are more eloquent than words in setting forth the value of hard roads.

Director Page, of the United States Public Roads Office, in analyzing the findings of the Bureau of Statistics, shows that the cost of hauling the three principal crops—wheat, corn and cotton—from the farm to the railway is approximately fifty-six million dollars per year. This is the actual value of the work performed under existing conditions, viz., with ninety-two per cent. of the roads unimproved.

From the data at hand, showing the larger loads and the quicker time made by delivery over good roads, the calculation shows that with good roads general throughout the country the saving in this one item of delivery would be over twenty-five million dollars per year, equal to thirty cents per person per year. The erratic market conditions and unnecessary expense of warehousing the grain will add twice as much more to the item of waste. There are numerous other directions in which the burden of bad roads applies. It is conservative to say that the money loss through bad roads alone, to say nothing of the ethical, educational and social burden, is not less than one hundred million dollars per year, and is probably twice that sum.

Under the present Hard Roads Law in many States, townships and road districts may issue bonds to build roads without State aid, or it may also be done in connection with State aid, where the law so provides. It will be interesting to see just what the difference is in the tax bill upon a typical farm under the two plans where a given sum is expended upon the roads

An example of the tax in Illinois will suffice to show how farmers benefit by State aid. The assessed valuation of all property in the State is roundly twelve hundred and fifty million dollars, of which farm property is about four hundred million dollars. There are about fifteen hundred townships and road districts in the State. Assume these expended, on an average, twenty thousand dollars each upon highways by the two plans: the one, all to be paid by farm property, as now; and the other, one-half to be paid by a State-aid tax spread over *all* property in the State. The fifteen hundred townships at twenty thousand dollars each would amount to thirty million dollars. If this were paid by the four hundred million dollars property it would mean a 7.5 per cent. tax on the farms.

If farms under State aid paid one-half, the rate would be 3.75 per cent. If the other half were paid by a State-aid tax spread over the entire State, it would require a tax levy of 1.2 per cent., the joint rate on farms being 4.95 per cent., instead of 7.5 per cent., a saving to the farmer of 2.55 tax rate.

The assessed valuation of a one hundred and sixty acre Illinois farm is about two thousand dollars (the actual value is five times this). On this farm the tax for good roads would be as follows:

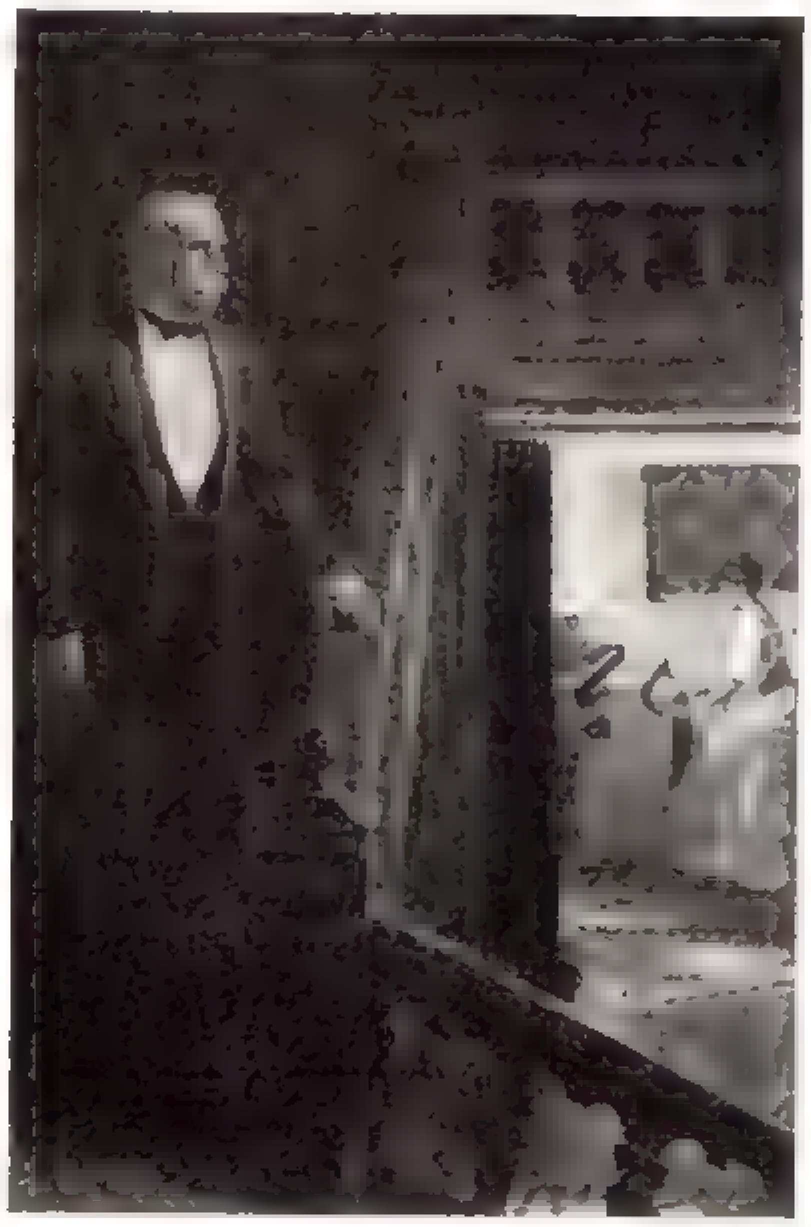
If paid wholly by farmers, 7.5 per cent. tax	$150.00
If paid by State aid, 4.95 per cent. tax .	99.00
Saving to the farmer by State aid . .	$51.00

Thus State aid in Illinois will save farm property about one-third the cost of building the roads. Under State aid in Illinois the State and townships could jointly expend forty-five million dollars upon the roads at the same tax rate, so far as the farms are concerned, at which but thirty million dollars would be expended by taxing the farms alone. Or, in other words, the farmer by State aid could build 50 per cent. more miles of roads without increasing the tax rate. By issuing bonds, the tax could be paid in ten annual installments, making the burden light.

What is true of Illinois is true in varying degrees of every State, depending upon the relative amount that farm property bears to all the property in the State.

The testimony as to the effect of good roads on the value of farm property is unanimous and overwhelming. It shows conclusively that every dollar expended upon the construction of hard roads adds at least five dollars to the cash value of the farms served by them. Good roads are a permanent asset to the nation, the State and the farm. As an economic and sociological question, good roads should be regarded as paramount. Their influence and beneficence will in years to come permeate the entire social fabric of our country. Good roads mean education, civilization.

The MAGIC of the ANGELUS



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COOK'S DECORA

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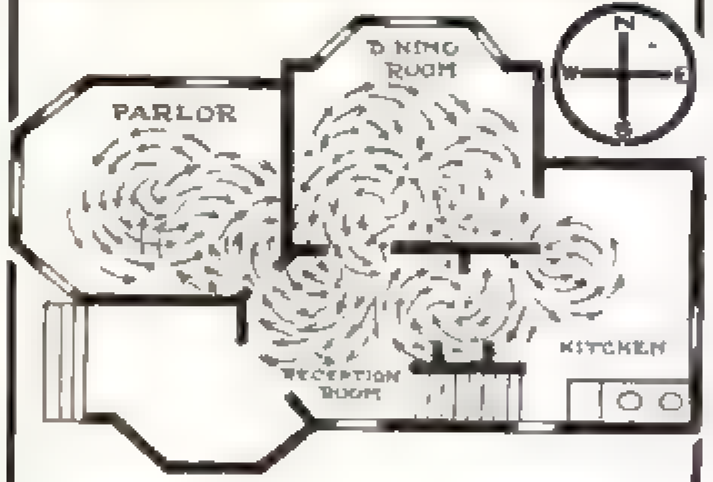

Here's a plain sketch to illustrate a point. Study the course the arrows take.

They show the usual distribution of heat in houses where poor sheathing is used.

Note the failure of this heat to reach the exposed walls of the rooms because of draughts that filter through cheap sheathing paper, impossible to change once the house is built.

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Address
Business
Position

THE PARLOR SOCIALIST

(Continued from Page 15)

appropriation. It is the reward of directive ability. According to the custom of the present state of society, to use Shaw's phrase, honest and able captains of industry earn their incomes, enormous though they are. More than that, the future prosperity of our great corporations, when the generation that created them has passed away, depends upon whether they can secure the services of men able to earn such incomes.

All this is admitted by the standard modern writers. Kirkup, for example, in his History of Socialism, while fully recognizing Marx's stupendous ability and his epoch-making importance both in the history of civilization and in the history of economics, concedes that on this subject he allowed his instinct as an agitator and controversialist to get the better of his candor. In his Modern Utopia, H. G. Wells, whose mind is as clear as his imagination is vivid, makes full provision for the reward of exceptional ability, though, like all advanced thinkers of whatever economical creed, he expects the present extremes of wealth and poverty to be mitigated. Socialists like Bernard Shaw have probably been reconciled to the practice of capitalism quite as much because they have lost their faith in the Marxian propaganda as because of the increase of their personal possessions, though, so far as I know, none of them has claimed this extenuation.

Socialists in Plutocratic Parlors

Thus we have come to have two breeds of socialists, those who act and those who talk. For political purposes the war-cry of Marx is too valuable to lose. The platform of the socialist party adopted in Chicago, in 1904, in thoroughly Marxian parlance stigmatizes the great creators of modern industry as men who produce nothing, and arraigns them for appropriating the fruits of the labor of others. It is possible that the men who framed this platform, though mentally confused, are at heart more sincere than those who have backslidden from Marx without confessing it. John Spargo, for example, whose sincerity breathes from every page of his Socialism, frankly acknowledges the modern criticism of Marx and gives what reasons he can against it.

Of the parlor socialists, pure and simple, many still voice the old battle-cry that property is theft. The drawing-rooms of fashionable New York are wide open to any one who can make himself amusing in any manner. Like Mr. Shaw, such socialists have a modesty that is vivacious. One of them, seeing for the first time the princely art collection of a great American banker, declared that for such things to be in the possession of any individual was an outrage upon the people, and, his hostess protesting, stuck to the point with increasing spirit.

"The only salvation for the rich," said another parlor socialist, "is for the railway president to sit down to substantial fare with his engine driver and fireman."

As the men clustered, bowing, at the door, one of them remarked to his neighbor: "No doubt we shall come to that. Nelly believes in social evolution, and she is getting forward rapidly. Our fellow-guest to-night is geologic ages up the scale from that monkey at Newport."

There are, of course, among the parlor socialists many serious, intelligent and unsensational men and women, whose interests and activities extend to the various practical organizations, the Municipal League, social settlements, socialistic societies, and the like.

To the mass of socialists their creed is not so much political or religious as industrial. Socialism is to come as an economic evolution. Twenty years ago an English Fabian professed to be able to predict with "astronomical" exactitude the year in which "the entire wealth of the United States would be in the hands of four men: Gould, Astor, Vanderbilt and Rockefeller." To his mind it would then take only about the few years Shaw gave himself to nationalize all our railways and industries and municipalize public utilities. He emigrated to America to greet the millennium. Meanwhile actual experiments along these lines in Europe have deferred the hopes of many socialists. I

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That's what you will say this Summer, if you
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lately asked Mr. H. G. Wells what he thought of the prediction alluded to. "There are gaps in it," he answered — "gaps." One of the gaps is the practical sense of the man in the street

There is danger, of course, with the best intention to see things as they are, that we shall underestimate the power of the socialistic movement, and especially when we regard it from the point of view of Fifth Avenue.

Bismarck was awake to the crisis as early as 1882, and lent his countenance to several purely socialistic innovations, with a view, it is supposed, to avoiding what was dangerous by granting what was helpful. About the same time Herbert Spencer took alarm, crying down socialistic legislation as the harbinger of what he called the coming slavery of democracy. Shortly before his death, in 1903, he declared that socialism would triumph in spite of all opposition; that its establishment would be the greatest disaster the world has ever known, and would lead sooner or later to a military despotism

The movement is stronger to-day, in all classes of society, than ever before. Even Wall Street has taken note of it. If we should ever encounter a prolonged period of hard times, with masses of men out of work, their wives and children calling upon them for food, and incapable men in power, the cry that property is theft might resound in scenes of social demolition and bloodshed.

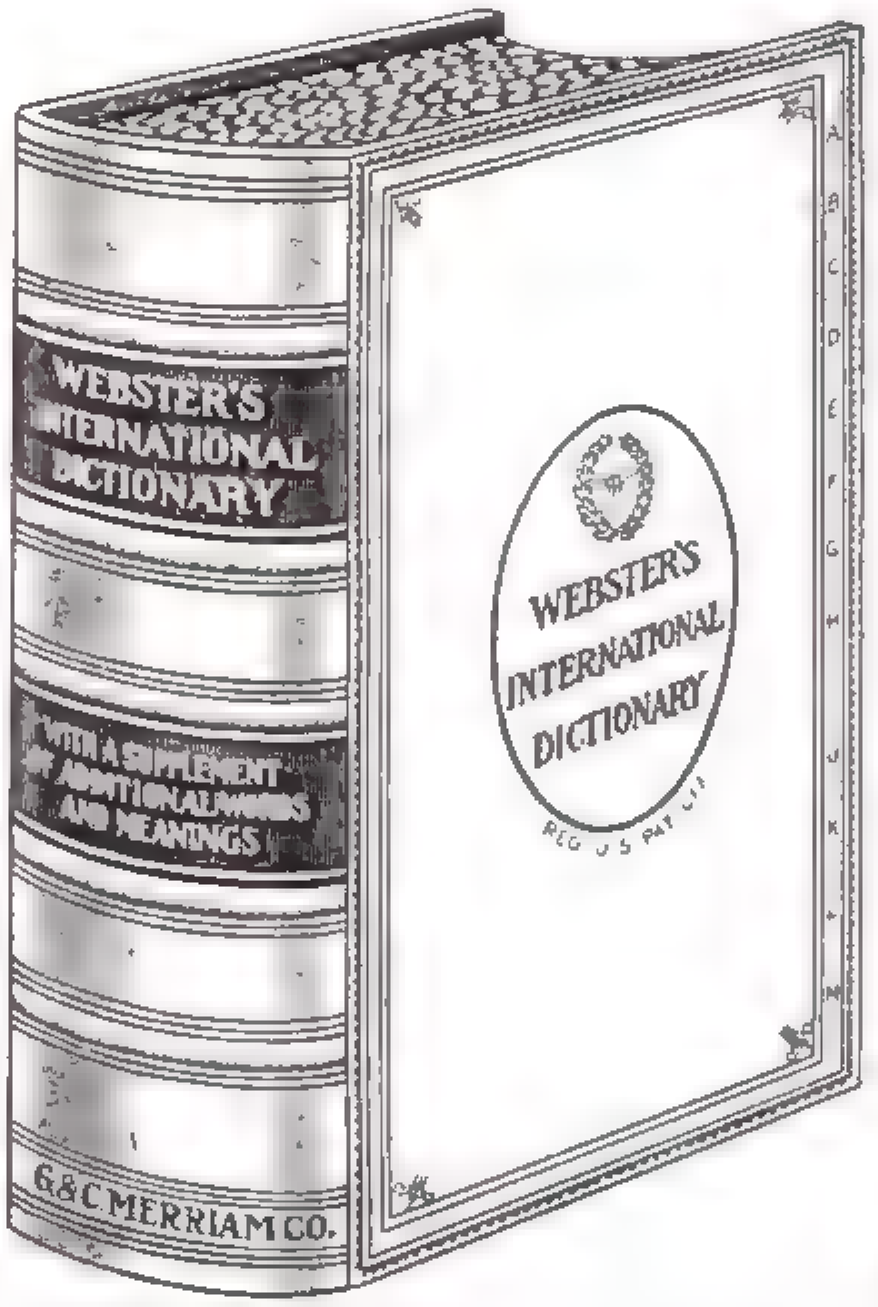
The safeguard against catastrophe lies in the fact that so many of the intellectual leaders in socialism are not highbrows but humorists, keenly alive to the facts of their position. In intelligent socialists who refuse to turn themselves to ridicule, like H. G. Wells, there are no elements of danger. His Utopia, far from being the absolute democracy that aroused Spencer to terror and pessimism, is very largely, even predominantly, individualistic. There is to be private property, even private enterprise, in business. Matrimony, though without certain of its present legal props, is to be the prevailing relationship of the sexes. The leaders in art, invention and industry are to be rewarded with much the same liberality as to-day. They are, if they choose, to live on landed estates, to have yachts and automobiles, to travel and educate their children as they wish, even to bequeath their fortunes. The chief feature of the state is a "voluntary nobility," no doubt suggested by Nietzsche's Overmen.

This socialistic state of the future differs from modern life mainly in the absence of swollen fortunes, in providing for Federal supervision of Federal industries and utilities, and in a higher development of race patriotism.

Socialism from the Statesman's Mouth

Somehow it all has a familiar sound. There is an essence of truth in the cry which has lately emanated from Wall Street that Roosevelt is a socialist. It is probably not true, however, that he is so without being aware of it. His attitude is that of Bismarck. "I am not an antagonist of the rightful claims of capital," said the great German Chancellor; "I am far from wanting to wave the red flag. . . . I wish we could create this moment a few hundred millionaires. . . . But I believe the masses, too, have rights we must consider. . . . I grant unconditionally the right to work, and will stand for it as long as I am in this place. But in this I do not rest on the ground of socialism, which is said to have begun only with the Bismarck ministry, but on that of the Prussian common law." What more has Roosevelt ever said, and what less? What more or what less could be desired by any temperate man? As Sir William Vernon Harcourt remarked long ago, we are all socialists now.

Vociferous socialists, of course, treat this dictum of Sir William's with withering scorn. They call it a sham socialism, invented to deprive them of their legitimate thunder. Nothing is as unsocial as the attitude of the socialist toward any one who disagrees with him in the slightest particular. The predicament of the parlor socialist is painful in the extreme. To tell him that we are all socialists is only a polite way of refusing to be shocked by him, or even amused at his pyrotechnics. Roosevelt is his particular bugbear, for, when he denounces swollen fortunes and race suicide, or advocates Federal control, every paper prints every word he utters.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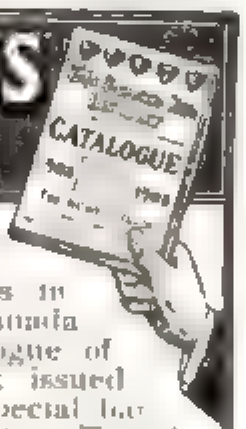

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THE MAN FROM ROME

(Continued from Page 12)

Bird stared at her in amazement.

"He doesn't look or act or seem like a hired person—he seems like—like ——"

And here the boy laughed out loud.

"By George," he said harshly, "I might have known you'd get gone on him! It's always some fellow or other with you, Cissy. You're the biggest flirt I ever saw." There was a shade of disdain of her in his voice as he said: "It makes me sick to see you get a mash on a Dago."

The girl's clear cheek flushed. Her eyes darkened; she caught her breath.

"Oh, you're *too dreadful!*" she gasped.

She was so lovely, so different in her appearance and expression from anything he had yet seen, that the boy softened.

"You get along to bed, Cis." He shut his book up. "And you tell Francesco to let *me* alone and I'll leave *him* alone. And don't you let him fool round with you too much or I'll break his head."

II

NOTHING had dawned on Cissy's virgin soul as had the beauty of Italy, and the pictures found in her mind a sensitive negative which took the perfect impression, giving back in a charming way the harmony again. Nothing had dawned on Cissy's heart anywhere. She was unspoiled and untouched. Nothing had ever dawned on her emotions or senses until now.

The young girl and her courier in the ruins of Pompeii stood together at the top of a long, narrow street whose flat paving-stones were so far apart that there was danger that Cissy's foot might catch and turn. Francesco told her so, caught her once or twice as she twisted her heel.

"Thank you," she said, and when he set her free her soft cheek was crimson. It seemed as if Cissy and the Italian had Pompeii all to themselves.

"It's very much like the photographs," she said. "When you read books about places you find they're not, for the most part, a bit like the story. This isn't a bit as I imagined from The Last Days of Pompeii."

"Ah—but the novel was written of the city before it was *broken*, Signorina," he explained.

"Oh, I know," she accepted.

"Then you're disappointed!"

"Oh, no. It's far lovelier than the book promised."

He had followed her up the steps into the interior of a little house, into the shell of what had once been a public shop. Under her feet the ancient parquet of broken bits of stucco and brick was golden as the powdered grains of pollen, and Cissy's foot, resting upon the broken mosaics, small and fine in its little yellow shoe with high heels, might have passed for the golden foot of some dancing nymph in one of the faded bits of decoration saved and preserved from destruction in the Naples Museum. All round the walls ranged the remains of the broken wine-jars. Cissy put her hand on the wide mouth of a great pottery vessel that had sunk into the stones.

"It gives you such an intimate sort of feeling to be here," she said. "I knew the book was only a story, but this seems real." She gently patted the round edge of the jar. "They drank out of this, didn't they? They leaned on this table, didn't they? They talked here. They were here, and I seem to see it all."

Francesco, the bright sunlight round him, considered the little American with delight. He had taken off his soft hat, and his head and face in the intense light cut fine and clear as an intaglio.

"Yes," he followed eagerly, "they lived indeed, and laughed; were young and grew old here—and *they loved here.*"

She glanced up at him, half terrified, but he went on as if he were simply in the day's work explaining Pompeii as he naturally would be called upon to explain in virtue of his rôle of guide.

"Here the Romans came to rebuild a city, already old in their time; here, over a life already passed and half obliterated, they rebuilt a gay, pleasure-loving little metropolis. How serene it sleeps now! How quietly it lies in this valley, which is really, if anything ever was, the Valley of the Shadow of Death. When the destruction came the people had already written two

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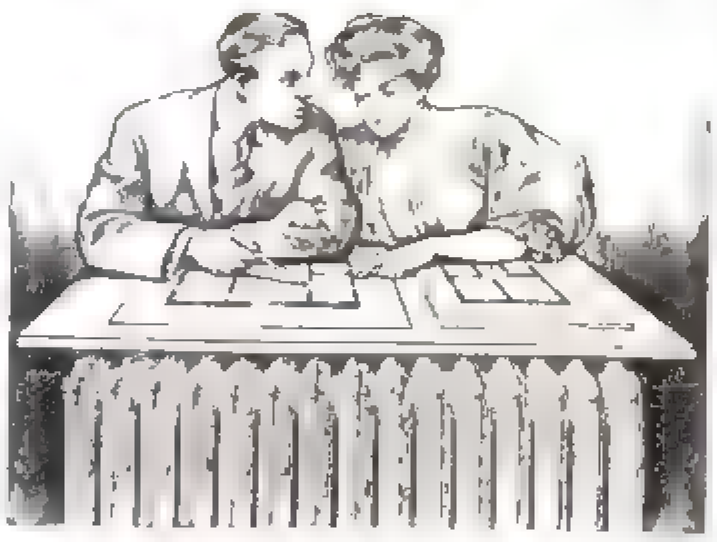

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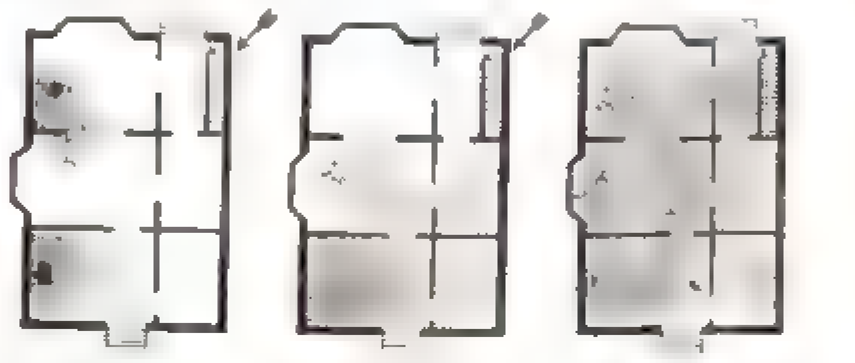

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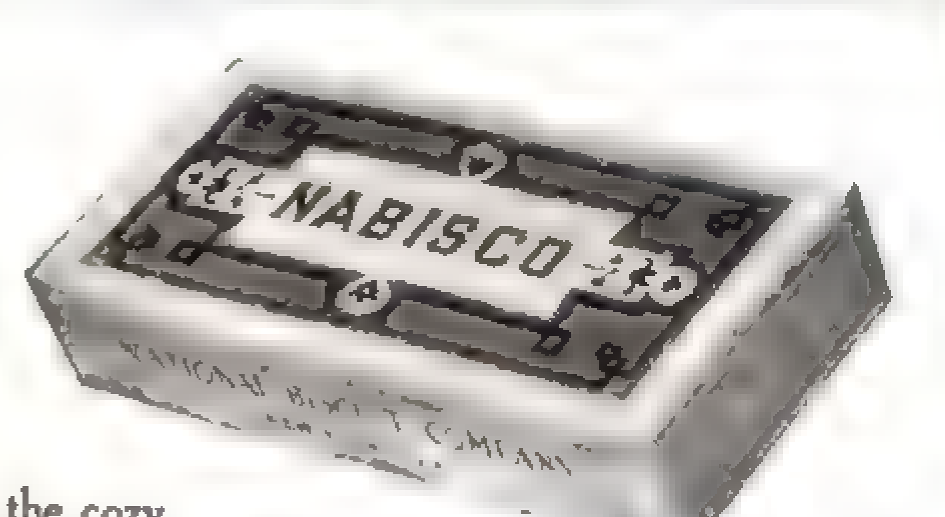

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histories. . . . Isn't that enough record for anybody, for any people? Ah it had been a bright life, Signorina, a life of pleasure in the very heart of beauty."

Francesco and Cissy had left the wine-shop and slowly wandered, side by side, into the street, looking up and down its sunny stretch.

"However," Cissy remarked, "there's something awfully sad about it here. It is like a grave and it makes me think of one in spite of all you say."

"Let's go away, then, Signorina," he laughed. "Let's go before Vesuvius *puts* us out!"

Cissy hurried along over the stones at a dangerous rate for her ankles.

"Not so fast," he pleaded; "you'll hurt yourself. Here are two chairmen. Won't you let me get them for you?"

But she refused. She said she wanted to get away from Pompeii, she wanted to get out of it, and she looked up at the little houses as they passed as if she were afraid of them and their suggestions. All of a sudden it seemed it had changed for her.

"I have never in all my life," she murmured, as they seemed to fly out of the deserted city, "thought so much about death."

The courier said heartily: "Oh, I'm so sorry! It's been an unchancy expedition."

"Oh, no," she protested, "not that; it's been lovely."

"Whereas, on my part," he said, as he sat opposite her in the train, "I've never thought so much about life."

The Italian's attitude toward the girl left alone with him in this unconventional manner, in this unprotected way, was all that could be required of his position. But as she now sat in the compartment opposite him, she opened her lips several times to ask him a question, but refrained. She was extremely sensitive for the first time in her life that she was alone with a man. She had been on buggy drives and sleigh rides and picnics with young men in her own town; she had thought of them all as something like Bird, only a little more polite, and these were the only difference of sex she had ever known. But there was something in the presence of Francesco that overpowered her. He himself broke the silence, saying:

"Your brother is very headstrong, Signorina. He has always his own way."

She said yes.

Francesco shrugged. "But in this case it may be serious."

"Oh, dear!" she exclaimed distressfully.

"I mean to say," he went on, "that this chap is not a Neapolitan; as far as I can find out he has no friends here; and your brother being a stranger, and the more important fact that the fisherman is a member of the *Camorra* ——"

"Oh, *dear!*" breathed Miss Porson again.

Francesco said gently: "Don't be anxious. I will see what can be done."

But she leaned forward and said with extreme seriousness: "Oh, please, don't do anything of the sort."

Francesco looked very much surprised.

"I mean," she faltered, "if it is all as lawless as you say, and as mysterious, don't do anything about it."

"But your brother?"

"Well, he's seventeen years old. He's a great big, strong fellow, and he's a splendid boxer. Bird will be all right."

A singular look came across the man's expressive face. She appeared by what she said to wish to protect *him!* He started as if to speak, bit his lips and sat back saying nothing. Indeed, neither of them spoke again until the Naples station was reached, and there on the platform waiting to welcome them was the splendid boxer so able to take care of himself. He was rather shamefaced and, having obtained of his sister, at a high price, the favor of being let out of the party of three, he was on his best behavior.

"I've had a bully day, Cis; caught a whole boatful of stuff, and you're a brick to have stood by me."

With the peculiar selfishness of an invalid, Mrs. Porson immolated the family on her altar, and her husband was the chief and cheerful sacrifice. He spent hours reading to her, cheering her enforced seclusion, and during his imprisonment relinquished to Cissy the joys of sightseeing, leaving her, Francesco and Bird to their own sweet wills. But the will of one of them, at least, was bitterly thwarted. The day after his truant escapade, when Birden

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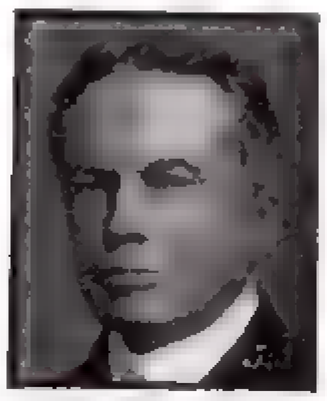

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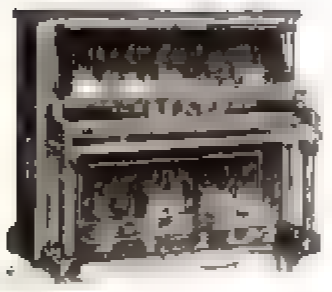

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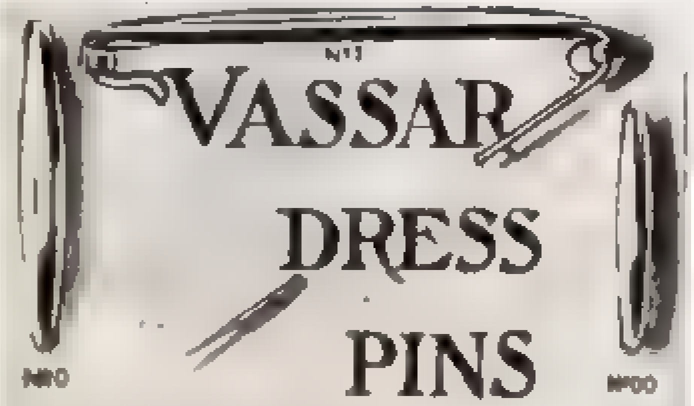

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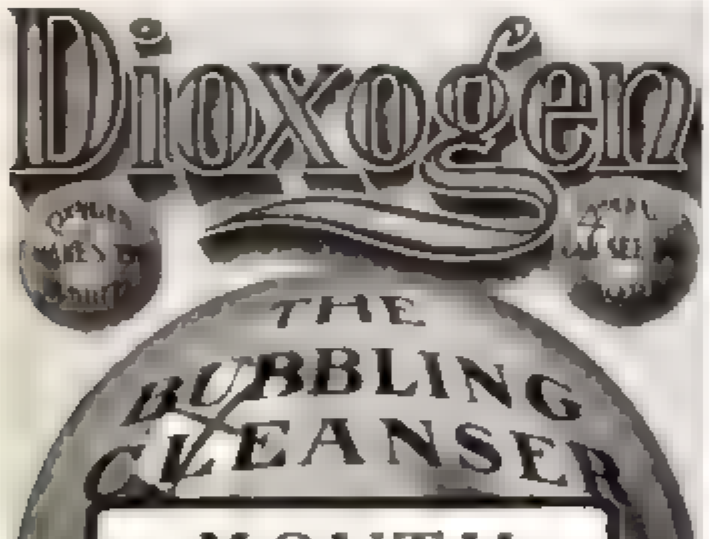

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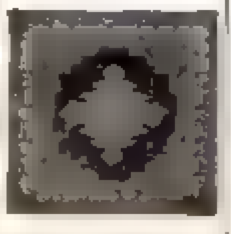

left his sister and the guide at the Pompeian station, Piero della Pesca disappeared, sailed, as it were, away from the face of the earth—sailed away, at least as far as any inquiries of Bird could discover. The boy was desolate. There were hosts of fishermen with their boats, men who asked nothing better than to accompany the young American on his excursions. Indeed they asked so well and so urgently that finally the boy furiously sent them all about their affairs by aid of the Italian vernacular which he had picked up. Piero was not only gone, but he had left no sign or trace of himself. Finally Birden, who not only valued him as an aid to his sport, but had a kind of rude friendship for the fellow, unbent so far as to ask the courier:

"Say, that fellow I've been out with—you know, Piero—he's gone off somewhere; nobody knows anything about him. Do you happen to know anything about it?"

Francesco hesitated, and then said: "It is not at all unlikely that your fisherman has been told to leave the port."

"Told by whom?"

"The authorities, possibly; that's what they do with suspicious characters sometimes, even in Italy."

For a few seconds the boy said nothing, but his eyes never left the courier. "I'll bet you sent him away yourself," he said after a second, with a light laugh. "I'm on to you all right, Francesco. You've got him sent away."

His companion made no response.

"If you did," pursued the boy in a low tone, "by George, you'd better look out. I tell you I won't forget it." He had no command of language and no control, but blustered out what came to his mind. "It is my business who I go out with, and you had no right to jump in. And if you have sent him away you can get him back again," he nodded fiercely. "Do you hear?"

The Italian's face, as well as the boy's, had grown very white. Francesco placed his hands behind his back and they met together. "I know nothing about your friend," he said quietly.

"I don't believe you!"

Francesco bowed. "You're a boy," he said, "and you are the son of the man who employs me."

Birden laughed. He was too angry even to understand the other. "You get him back," he pursued, "and I'll hush up, but if you don't," he went on blindly, "why, I'll tell my father how you're going on with my sister."

If Francesco had been the low hound his master's son thought him he would have sprung on the boy and struck him in the face, but the Italian had marvelously mastered himself. The pitiful specimen of bad breeding and youth was too far beneath him to lessen his self-control.

"Signorino," he said coolly, "you will tell the Signore, your father, what you think fit. Meanwhile, as I am expected with an engagement," his English twisted his words, "I will say good-day."

But his little mistake, as well as his coolness, inflamed the boy further.

"Oh, you can't jolly me with your manners," he said, "and I mean every word I say. What grudge you've got against my fun I don't know, or what grudge you've got against Piero, but there is one somewhere. Perhaps you're afraid of him yourself." He grew keener and advanced a little toward the Italian. "Perhaps you know him better than I think you do. Perhaps," he went all the way, furious—"Perhaps *you're* the man from Rome!"

"What," questioned Francesco, "has Piero against this man from Rome?"

"Never you mind," retorted the boy, disconcerted. "Just send for him to come back if you want to keep right with me."

III

THE engagement with which Francesco "was expected" waited for him in one of the upper rooms of the Naples Museum. His patron's daughter, for once adequately chaperoned by both the French maid and the trained nurse, who was off duty for a couple of hours, stood waiting for the courier in one of the sections of the gallery.

"I've never seen anybody like him, never!" she mused a hundred times. "He is brighter and more educated than any one I ever saw or knew. His manners are charming, he knows everything." One by one, the young men of La Crosse passed in review before her and were ignominiously relegated to the Western shades. One by one, smooth-faced college men or athletic giants, with good-humor and smiles to

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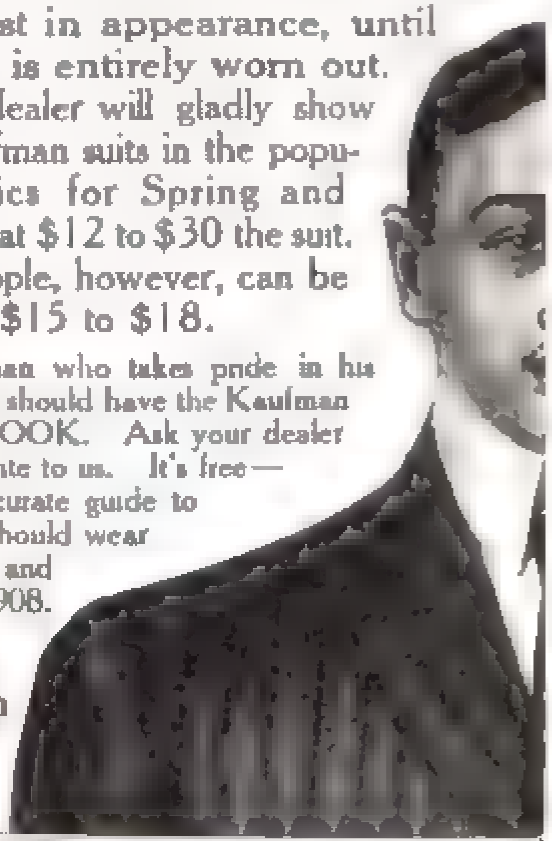

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commend them, fell back, and the Italian she had known for a short fortnight took his place as little less than a god to her.

Francesco found Miss Porson bending over a case of petrified fruits in a little room. At sight of him the two women who had her in care wandered away and delivered her, as had her mother and father, to the sole society of the guide. He saw her change color as he came up; she taxed him with being very, very late. He told her nothing about the ugly controversy with Birden which had delayed him. It was not his way ever to carry disagreeable news. The motto of his family was "*Cerco il sole*" (I seek the sun), and Francesco lived up to it as nearly as he could.

As the two passed from case to case captivated by the spectacle of the remains of a complete life and civilization, whose very utterances, whose forms and traditions had been, so far as anything can be, made eternal before the existence of their own lives—Cissy furtively looked up at her guide. Before joining her Francesco had stopped to change his dress. A long, loose overcoat, a stiff hat, a cane with a curious handle, a dress different from the one she had been accustomed to seeing him in—more careful, more correct—caught her eye and her attention. The bright, careless speech of which she was prettily mistress at all times failed her when she was with Francesco. She never used any frivolous phrases; she had a certain awe of Francesco, and a singular respect to be inspired by one whose position was little better than a servant's. She wondered what his change of dress meant: it had a traveling air. "He looks," she thought, and with the thought there came a sudden pang, "as if he were going away, as if he were going to take a trip."

He had the air of a man who is contemplating a journey. Before she could speak he said: "Signorina, look! In that little jar are olives; they were placed so nearly two thousand years ago on some sunny day in some sunny room in the buried city whose streets we have walked through. One by one these olives were dropped in their little cubes, perhaps by the hand of some slave-girl as she prepared the banquet for a Roman epicure. Who knows? Who can tell for what occasion they were destined? Heavens!" he exclaimed, "it doesn't make very much difference to-day, does it? Yet on it two thousand years ago perhaps the fate of many people depended. It must have been, you know, about the time the city was destroyed. Possibly some one was destined to be sprung upon unawares and poisoned at the feast. No," he said more gently, "that's not an agreeable story, is it? Perhaps it was some banquet given by a lover for the woman he loved; at any rate, look at the olives. See, they have been kept fresh for the palate, and we perceive to-day the lusciousness that some of those old, old people, of a forgotten race almost, would have enjoyed."

The Italian pointed to where, from the skin of the little black objects, an oily ooze exuded and, drop by drop, like pearls, the oil hung on the ebony spheres of the petrified fruit. His voice grew deeper, there was a passionate ring in it.

"*That* is life!" he said. "Isn't it strange that those inanimate objects should possess it, and for so long? So to live, so to persist, so to flow with life! And what do these wretched little globules matter?—and the women and their lovers are not even ashes."

"Yes," she said to herself softly, "the olives didn't get to the feast—that's so; but, then, they are better off than any other olives that have ever been created, aren't they? Just think how many thousands of years they have lived."

He led her from case to case, explaining to her, telling her in the most charming, picturesque language the history of the things they saw. He made the past live for her, reclothing the forms with flesh and color and life till, as they went from pallid object to pallid object, the fruits took on again their purple and their bloom, the petals of the flowers came back to them and trembled round the petrified calyx. The ghosts of stuffs, the spectres of warp and pile filled in their torn and rotten holes for Cissy's eyes, and the varied fabrics with their striped and woven colors became soft again, and the hangings of Rome and Greece in all the beauty of the loom hung before Cissy's eyes. Wine-jars replenished themselves, and the ancient glass whose colors were like fairy bubbles, with fire and smoke and dust and years, cleared again and

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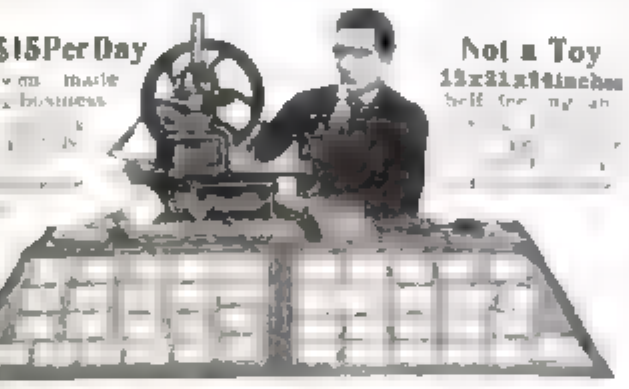

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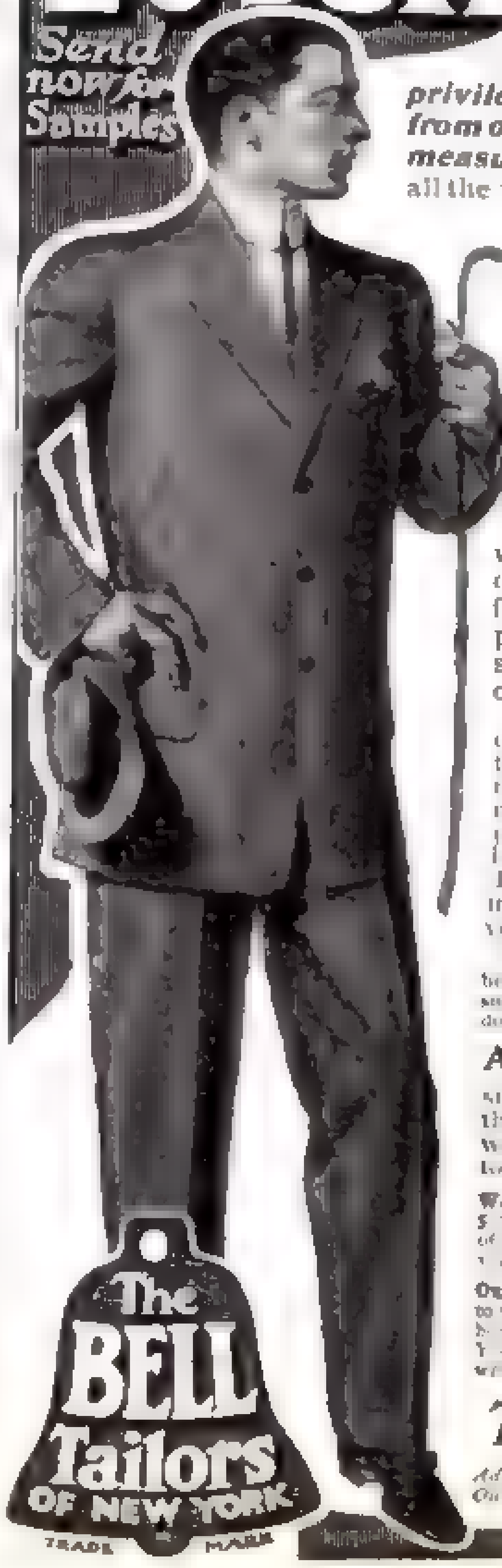

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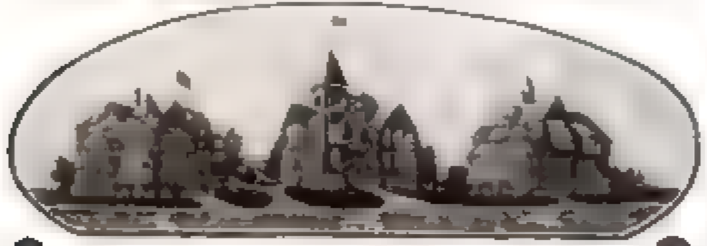

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shone with the wines of Athens and Capri. The two young people passed along before the glass screen containing some ancient signet rings through whose transparence, through jasper and chalcedony, and topaz and sapphire, the light shone. Francesco drew a ring from his little finger and held it out to her, tapping the glass at one of the corners. "Look at that ring; it's a duplicate of mine. The motto is very old. The one in the case is in Greek, and mine is in Italian: '*Cerco il sole*,' I seek the sun."

She turned it over in her hands; it was a superb ruby set in some foreign fashion and carved in deep intaglio. She weighed it, for it was very heavy, in her little palm. As she stood so near him, his ring in her hand, without intending to do so—for she always avoided them—Cissy met Francesco's eyes, and her own were caught by a magnet too strong to withstand.

For some minutes their mutual gaze did not falter. They were alone in the room of fruits and food, relics of a time long extinct. In another second the girl found herself drawn into Francesco's arms. She made no resistance; she had, indeed, no wish to resist. It was as if she, too, had sought the sun and it had found her, and she had been caught up into the splendor of its rays. When he set her free she was weeping gentle tears that had met his kisses on her face. She leaned on the edge of the case and put her head on her hand

"Carrissima," said the man deeply, "why do you so?"

"I don't know."

"You are not happy?"

"Yes."

"Tell me so again."

"Yes."

With a determination as tender as it was imperious, Francesco took her hands away.

"I love you!" he said.

She could only bow her head.

He repeated it and asked her forcefully: "And you—you?"

She tried to speak, but the great emotion, so far more overwhelming than any petty flood her innocent life had known, was too tremendous for her. Again he held her to him, and in what she could whisper he gathered the knowledge that brought him all the sun he sought. In the storm of Nature that had so unexpectedly come upon them neither of them had any thought of the public place in which they were until, after a long silence, the girl said:

"We must go. It must be very late."

And then Francesco was struck by the fact that it was not only very late, but very dark, very dark indeed. He took his watch out, made an exclamation and started forward. "It is long past five," he said. "The museum has been shut an hour! We are locked in!"

She shrank near to him. "Oh dear!" she murmured. "What shall we do?"

"Oh, don't be afraid," he assured her. "We have only to traverse the gloomy room to find a good guardian at the door who would rather let us out than not, as we are neither curiosities nor petrified."

She kept close to his side in their quick pilgrimage past the ghostly things—the cases of cold objects which had lost all the animation and existence they had had a few moments ago. The man was the life and he was going with her, by her side. He was so glowing, so tall, so beautiful—she clung to him. She put both her hands on his arm and he pressed her close, stopping at the last door to kiss her, to murmur a few words that made her flame from foot to head. It was very dark—they could scarcely see the shadowy staircase. With a murmured word he picked her up like a feather and carried her downstairs.

"Do you think they'll let us out?" she whispered. "I would not like to stay here with so many things of death."

"Oh, hush," he said—"always death!"

"I won't," she promised—"I won't say it any more." And, with a wonderful grace for one so young, close to his cheek she murmured: "You're alive, and that's all that matters."

As he set her down in the grand hall he led her by the hand like a little girl toward a light near the far door. It was the watchman's light, and he let them out with smiling and much amusement and a great deal of contempt over the louis, yellow in his yellow old hand.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Editor's Note—This story will be complete in three parts.

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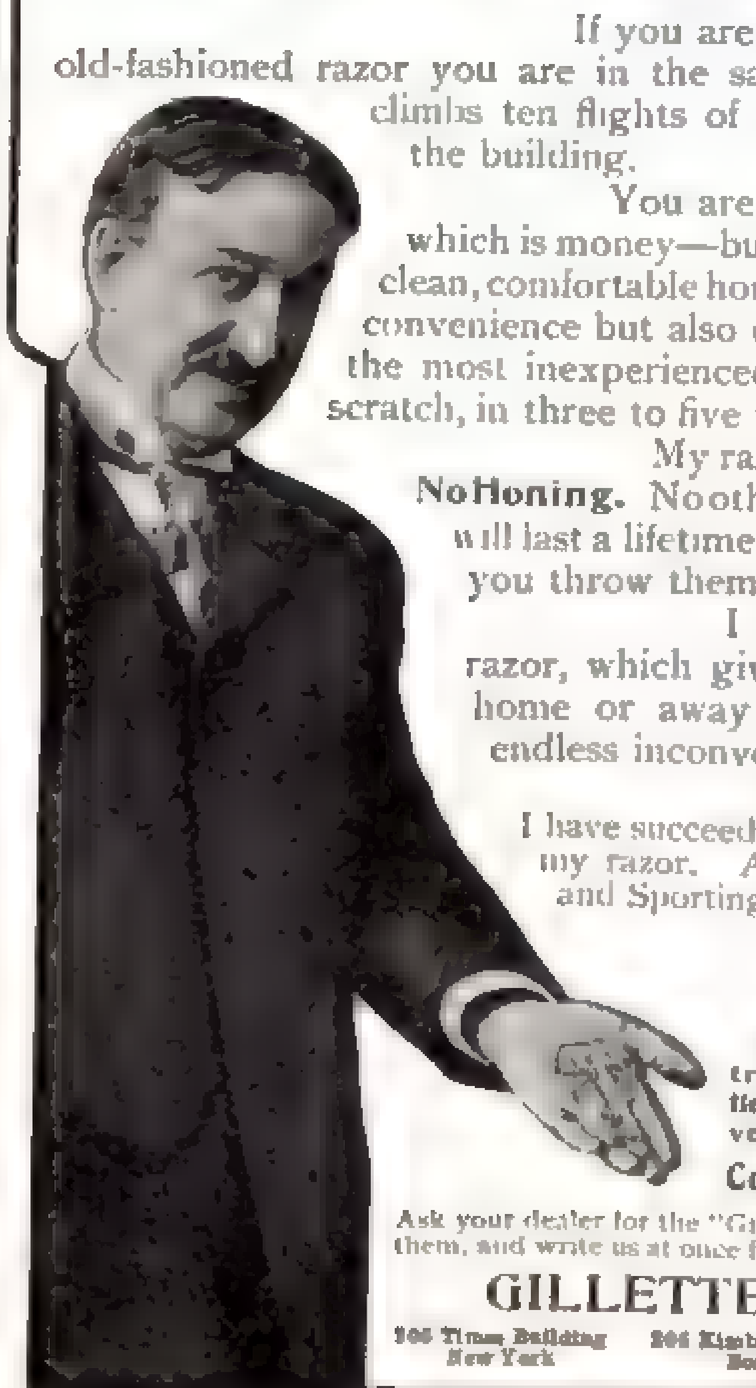

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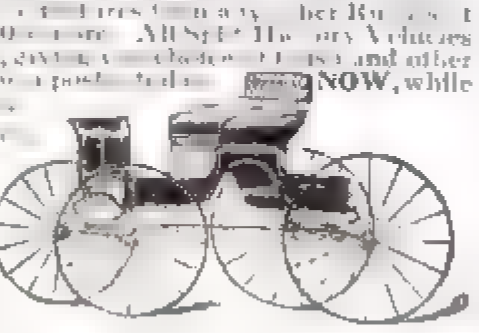

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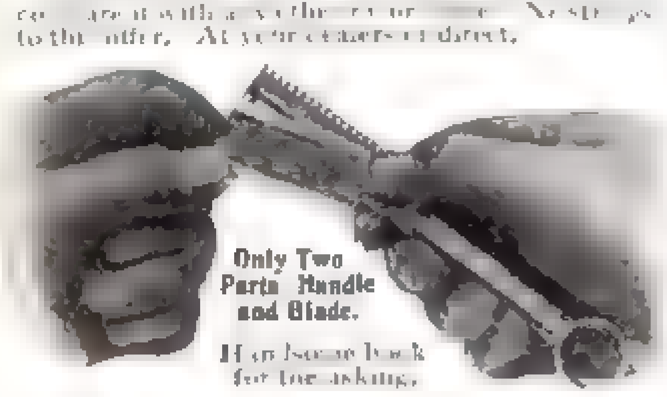

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VAITI THE QUEEN

(Continued from Page 9)

of rock into the shingle, where it became impossible to trace them farther, and did not return.

The sight of the hideous trail in the sand made her feel sick, with the natural repulsion of the woman against all creeping and crawling things that no man quite understands. It was useless to follow farther in the dark, and dangerous besides. She retraced her steps to the hut, built up the fire afresh, and sat beside it till daylight.

In the morning she was naturally rather sleepy. She cut short the daily tasks of fishing, nutting and wood-cutting as soon as possible, in order to look for a safe and comfortable place where she might enjoy a doze. It was warmer than ever this morning, the sea was like white-hot steel to look at, and the encircling lagoon, with its many brilliant shades, scintillated like colored fireworks. The sun struck clear through the bush, and there was not a genuine spot of shadow visible on the burning ground. Vaiti did not care to sleep in the hut. She thought she would prefer some spot in the open, where one might see all round. The shade of the little hill on the side farthest from the sea looked tempting; it was cooler than any part of the bush, and seemed safe enough. She found a nook in the rocks, overshadowed by the top of the cliff, flung herself down on a bundle of eighteen-foot palmleaves she had dragged after her, and was asleep in half a minute.

An hour or two later she was awakened by a stinging pain in her side. She sprang into a sitting posture and clapped her hand to her waist. It came away wet with blood, and the rock beneath her grew warm with a trickling stream. At the same time something hard fell from the ledge on which she was sitting and tinkled away down the stones.

It was a knife.

Vaiti felt for the hilt of her own knife. That was safe in her sash. She threw a quick glance about her. There was not so much as a lizard in sight. Nor was there any possible cover within several hundred yards of the cliff at the foot of which she lay. Yet the knife had certainly been thrown, and by a fairly-practiced hand at that.

For a moment the girl sat frozen with astonishment, not knowing where to turn. Then just a tiny pinch of gravel and a small pebble dropped on her shoulder from the height above, and there was a faint sound of something moving.

With a single leap she sprang sideways from the rock, and landed, half-scrambling, half-falling, on the level below. The blood was still running down her side, but she did not stop to look into the nature of her injuries until she had gained the shelter of a clump of thick-growing screw-pines some hundreds of yards away, and was screened from all sight or aim. It was characteristic of Vaiti that she picked up the knife, flying, as she went. She meant to look at it later.

As she expected, the wound was merely a severe cut in the flesh over the ribs. It bled freely, but was not in any way dangerous. She washed and bound it up, and then began to examine the knife. It had a long, strong blade, very sharply pointed, and sloping back to a considerable width at the handle. The edge was razor sharp, and the hilt, of heavy brass, was clearly meant to add force to a blow. The maker's name was Spanish. A knife with which you might cut up your food or your enemy, point pencils or arguments, with equal effectiveness; in fine, not the weapon likely to be carried by a person whose acquaintance you would desire three thousand miles from the nearest police station.

The pain of the wound was considerable at first, but it was not that which cast a darker shadow than usual on Vaiti's dark face, as she sat beneath the stilted screw-pine clump, chewing a leaf and looking out to sea. It was her thoughts that troubled her. What could be the nature of this horror that crept about her in the darkness, that cried with a voice that was the voice neither of man nor beast, and that threw actual steel knives from the top of cliffs in the daytime, though it could scarce creep across the shore at night?

Strangely enough, the only spot of relief lay in that very knife she held in her hand. It seemed to lift some of the unnatural horror from the mystery of the island. Whatever the thing might be — whatsoever

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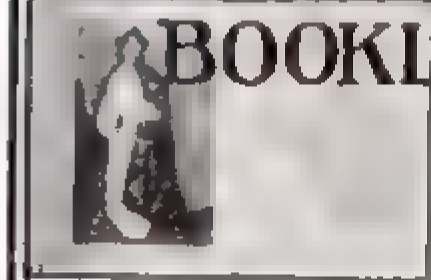

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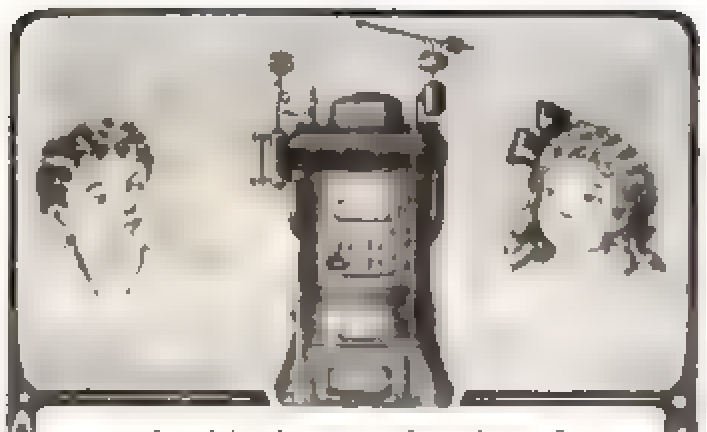

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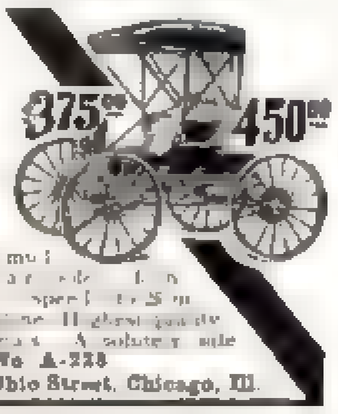

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were its motives for desiring her death any creature that could, and would, throw blades of good Spanish steel was removed at once out of the regions of nightmare into those of solid fact. There was nothing to drive a lonely castaway mad in that kind of an enemy.

This reflection raised Vaiti's spirits considerably. She even spat out a little sneer at the unseen thrower of the knife, as she handled the blade and admired its quality.

"Bat-headed fool!" she said, in the language of her own country. "With a mark like that, I would have chosen the very rib, and thrown the knife clean to its hilt. They should never have known they were struck till they found themselves shaking hands with the Devil, and asking how they got there—if it had been I who threw!"

Thus inspired, she ate an excellent dinner, and later began making her plans for the night as she lay under the shade of the screw-pines, within a yard of the waves, smoking a cigarette of wild tobacco, and watching the tiny shoals of silver-fish, no bigger than dragonflies, leap from the water of the lagoon in a glittering cloud, and drive through the air for yards in the effort to escape their unseen enemy below.

It may have been the fish that put an idea into her wily head by and by, for she looked at them, and laughed, as she rose again, a little stiffly, to go and fetch the net that she had almost completed. She worked at it for an hour or two, and then went out on the rocks and fished till late in the afternoon.

She did not eat what she caught, though the result of her sport was a fine, handsome-looking fish, with gay-colored spots and a fat, oval body. She only took her knife, and hacked a rough piece out of the fish's body, making it look as if it had been killed by some larger creature of the sea. Then, waiting till it was quite dark, she stole out with the fish in her hand, and laid it at the edge of the retreating tide, in the bay below the hill.

This done, she hid herself among the rocks, her heart beating with the old excitement and delight that it had not felt now for many a long day—the throb known only to those who play the game of life and death, and play it to a finish, in the wild, waste places of the earth.

It was long to wait that night, and, unluckily for Vaiti's purpose, clouds came up and covered the stars. She could see nothing but the gray expanse of the strand, just a shade less dark than the blackish color of the rocks, and a shade less light than the sea. The hill was a formless mass of gloom.

At length, however, a faint, creeping noise made itself heard, and a shadow passed down the strand slowly, but steadily, making for the water. Vaiti had already guessed that the creature hunted shellfish in the shallows at low tide, and she had laid the fish where it was likely to be found, near a rocky pool that was full of suggestive crackings and poppings in the stillness of the night. Straight to that pool she saw the shadow pass a long way off, but still faintly distinguishable in the semi-transparent gloom. It stayed a very little time, recommencing its backward crawl almost at once. In a few minutes it had arrived at a point opposite the crouching girl and about a hundred feet away.

The devil was awake in Vaiti that night, and though she knew it was extremely risky to attract the thing's attention, she could not resist carrying out a grim joke that occurred to her at that moment. The knife that she had picked up was still in her sash beside her own. It was a beauty for throwing purposes, and there was not in all the South Seas such a hand with the knife used as a projectile as Vaiti of the Islands. No definite aim was possible in the semi-darkness at a shapeless mark, but ——

"Take thou, then, this valueless present," murmured the girl to herself, using the island formula for the making of a gift. The knife poised, whistled, and flew through the darkness.

A horrible cry broke from the formless shape on the shore—a high, vibratory and gasping howl, trailing off into something like a snarl. Aye! The creature had its own back again, given as it had been sent.

Despite the horror of the cry Vaiti shook with silent laughter as she crouched on the rock. It was just the kind of jest that appealed to her peculiar sense of humor.

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again. She had not expected to do any serious damage with a chance shot of that kind. But she laughed yet again to herself as she jumped down from the rocks and fled fast along the dark shore, still warm from the baking of the midday sun—for she knew that the fish had been taken, and she knew that it would do her work. A life spent on the sea had taught her all that could be known about the fish of the reefs and islands, and she had selected one that she knew to be good for food ten months out of the twelve, but for the other two the deadliest of poison. This was the time of the poison, she knew by the appearance of the reef. She had gambled on the likelihood of the knowledge being hers alone, and it seemed that it was.

She needed sleep badly enough by this time, but it was hard to know where she might safely find it. As a last resource she waded through the tepid shallows of the lagoon right out to the coral reef, which was uncovered by the retreating tide, and lay down on her mat among the prickly heights and hollows of the coral itself. It was not at all impossible that a devilfish might creep out of its hole in the dark and cast its long, slimy arms about her as she lay, but she preferred that possibility to what she had left behind her. She was not much afraid of devilfish in any case. There was a spot in the middle of the leathery body where a smart stab would end the career of any one of them—provided they did not drag you under water before you found it.

The tide began to flow at dawn, and she got up refreshed and took herself back to shore. Until late in the morning she waited, and then she set out for the bay underneath the hill, juggling cleverly with her knife in the air as she walked, out of pure lightness of heart, and singing an island song.

The tide had washed away all tracks from the sand except at the very edge, and here Vaiti bent down to examine closely the marks that were left. They were streaked with blood.

Her heart beat quickly as she saw that the red streaks and splashes led across the white shingle that had hitherto destroyed all tracks, and went right up to the base of the hill. It was not nervousness, but a certain cold excitement, that caused her to stand still for a minute before following up the track. She knew that the mystery of the island was going to be solved here and now, and she felt that there was more in it than had been guessed at. Whatever her enemy might be, its determination to kill her wanted a good deal of explaining. And how could it climb an unscalable precipice, yet fail to surmount a wall of rock?

Well, there was only one way of finding out. Risky, in case her plan had miscarried—but Vaiti was at one with Lord Nelson (of whom she had doubtless never heard) in thinking that "something must always be left to chance."

The blood track went straight up to the cliff face—here one huge *chevaux-de-frise* of old gray coral massed in dagger-points and spearheads—and disappeared behind a small projection, unnoticeable at a few yards' distance. Cautiously the girl turned this corner and saw that it masked a narrow crack or cañon leading into the heart of the cliff. Wild vines hung down within a couple of feet of the earth and encumbered the way so much that she had to cut her path through them. After a few yards the pathway turned, another mass of clinging creepers barring the way had to be slashed through, and then came the open. She was within the heart of the hill.

"A Makatea!" said Vaiti to herself, instantly comprehending. To one who did not know the islands the scene might have been puzzling. Vaiti, however, had seen it all before in more than one island—this strange, craterlike formation, with its walls of ancient coral, upheaved by earthquake action ages long ago from the depths of the sea, where it had been building century after century on the rim of some dead submarine volcano. Cast into upper air, the coral had darkened and hardened, forming, with its countless spears, a natural fortress of the most impregnable kind. From the other parts of the island this curious amphitheatre looked simply like a conical-shaped hill, and the opening could never have been found save by chance.

The centre of the place, as might have been expected, was occupied by a small fresh-water pond. The earth at the sides was covered with bushes, flowers and bullock-grass. Dark oval caves opened

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out of the rock in two or three different places. Near the entrance to one of these lay, stretched out in broad daylight, still and silent and clear to sight at last, the mystery of the island.

It was no beast. It was no monster. It was a man—dead as the age-old coral on which he lay. His face was turned up to the sky. The eyes—but there was only one, when Vaiti looked closely. The other had been dashed out by some accident, which had at the same time reddened and inflamed the remaining organ, so that full daylight must have been almost intolerable to it. The jaw was twisted and deformed, doubtless by the same cause, and one leg was missing. The other was withered and helpless.

"Gunpowder, some time," commented Vaiti, as she looked at the marred body. There were bluish dots on the hands and face that told a tale clear enough. The arms, scarce covered by the few ragged fragments of shirt-sleeves, were liberally tattooed, suggesting that the man had been a sailor. He was clad in the remains of a dungaree suit, and his hair and beard were long, tangled and unclean. There was a wound on the temple where the knife had struck him; it was not serious, however. The face, even allowing for the repulsive injuries and the effects of poison, was a singularly evil one. It had not needed broken limbs, or a solitary life on a lonely isle, to bring this man down to the level of the brutes. He never could have been very far above them.

But why had he wanted to kill her? Why, on the contrary, had he not welcomed her appearance on the island as the greatest possible boon? That still remained unexplained.

The cave where the man had lived was easily found, also the sloping pathway to the top of the cliff, where he could crawl up and look out over the island. The former discovery yielded a rough palm-leaf bed, a tin billy, a few rags of clothing, and a good-sized pile of tinned foods, mostly untouched. There was also a tin of biscuit.

This was amazing enough, but there was more to come. Another cave had been floored evenly with square blocks of coral cut from the cliff, and smoothed. It had half a dozen rough bunks in it, also a table, evidently taken from the cabin of a ship. It had a swinging lamp, hung from the roof. It had two or three square sea-chests filled with tinned goods of every kind, and it had a small tin box containing packs of cards, dice-boxes and dice, all considerably used.

In the third and last of the caves the girl, staring eagerly about her, at first saw nothing except a litter of broken shell on the floor. She was turning away when a pale gleam from the rubbish at her feet caught her eye, and she stooped down for a handful. The stuff, which lay almost a foot deep on the floor of the cave, turned out to be splinters and scraps of dark shell, with occasional glints of a lighter substance: the trimmings of pearl shell, without a doubt—and what a quantity!

The hostility of the crippled man began to look a little more comprehensible. What if the island were a rich pearl fishery, hitherto unknown!

But that it assuredly was not. Vaiti could have sworn there was not an ounce of shell within a hundred miles of it.

Then where did all these trimmings come from? Where was the shell they represented? At two hundred pounds the ton it was a small fortune, if the fragments on the floor might be correctly estimated. Where, above all, were the pearls that must have come out of all that shell? What was the meaning of the whole business?

On a sudden, standing there in the cave, over ankle-deep in bits of rubbish that represented many hundreds of pounds, Vaiti clapped her hands together and called out:

"The Firefly! The Firefly!"

Not many months before, an island trading-schooner had put into Auckland with a tale that had been a nine-days' joke among the newspapers, and something more than a joke to the insurance offices. The Firefly—such was her name—had demanded compensation for the loss of her cargo, which had consisted of pearl-shell and pearls from the Paumotus, and had been heavily insured. Her owners had not the best of reputations in the Pacific, and the story they told was considered a good deal too thin.

They declared that they had been held up in mid-ocean by an unknown auxiliary schooner, manned by white men with blackened faces, who threatened to shoot them if they did not give up their cargo. Having only a single pistol on board, they were obliged to submit, and the strangers had taken every pound of their shell away, loaded up their own schooner with it, and disappeared. A number of valuable pearls had also been stolen. The owners of the Firefly considered that their insurance covered such risks, and wanted the money. The insurance company had refused to pay, and the case was still running at the time when the last newspaper had reached the islands.

Nobody in the colonies, and almost no one in the islands, had believed the tale for an instant. The owner of the Firefly was merely laughed at for his clumsiness in constructing a story. But Vaiti had had her own opinion on the matter, though she said nothing about it. And here, if she was not mistaken, lay the key to the whole thing.

This was the robbers' haunt—something as near a pirates' nest as the twentieth century could produce. They stored their ill-got shell here till prices went up sufficiently to make it worth while to hold no longer. The pearls they probably sent away and sold at the earliest opportunity. The crippled sailor was evidently left behind as a sort of caretaker. Like enough his injuries had been received in his masters' service.

He had no firearms, it seemed. He must have meant to knife the castaway in her sleep the night when he crawled round at low tide to the hut. The movement she had made had warned him she was awake, and he had crept away. Next day he had made a second attempt in daylight from the top of the Makatea, but his inflamed and imperfect eye had doubtless spoiled his aim in the glaring daylight.

All she had discovered at the end of a hard morning's work was the place where the shell was usually stored—an open platform leveled in the coral and placed high up out of sight, so that it was by no means easy to discover. There was only one shell there—a single specimen that had become wedged in a crack and could not have been removed without breaking. It was a magnificent specimen, as big as a dinner plate and very thick—a solid slab of pure mother-of-pearl.

"Paumotu, that," said Vaiti, even naming the island in her mind. If she had only come here before the last lot of shell was carried away! But in that case the pearl-robbers themselves would have been here, and, if one might judge by the manners of their caretaker, it would have gone hard with any uninvited guest who introduced himself to their company.

This sent a shock of reflection through the girl. When would they come back? And what would happen to her when they did?

Musing on this matter she walked down the hidden pathway and out on to the coral beach.

Would they ever come back? Would she be murdered if they did? Should she ever get away from this island?

She turned the corner on to the open beach and there before her lay the answer.

. . . .

The god had come down from the machine. The question was solved. Out beyond the reef, slab-sided, squat and gray, lay a British man-of-war, the Caradoc, surveying-ship for the Australian station, evidently out on chartographic work, and about to take the bearings of this unnamed and little-known island.

For the first moment Vaiti distrusted her eyes. When she understood that she was not dreaming this time she turned and ran hot-foot ——

For the ship? No. For the entrance to the Makatea—to cover up the clew of the blood-drops, throw away the loose fragments of creeper and leave the entrance as it was before—invisible and undiscoverable save by chance.

Then, smoothing her hair with her hands, and adjusting her rough, weather-worn dress as well as she might, she went down the shore to the point where a smart, gray boat was just disembarking its crew. She was rescued now, and she was going back to civilization, and the terror of the darkness was gone out into the dark forever. Yet it was none of these things that filled her mind as she trod the shore of the lonely island for the last time. It was the thought that the secret of the island was still hers.

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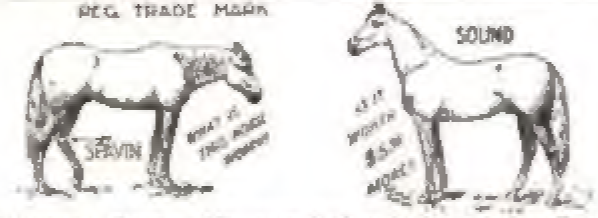

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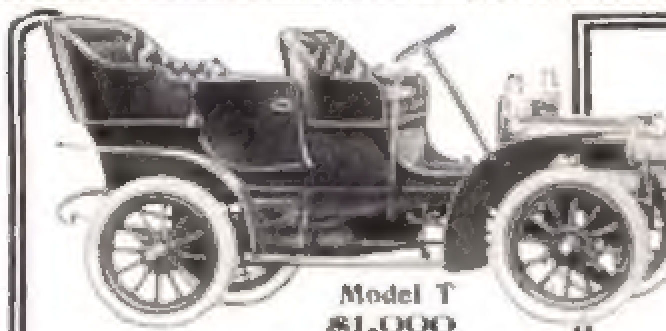

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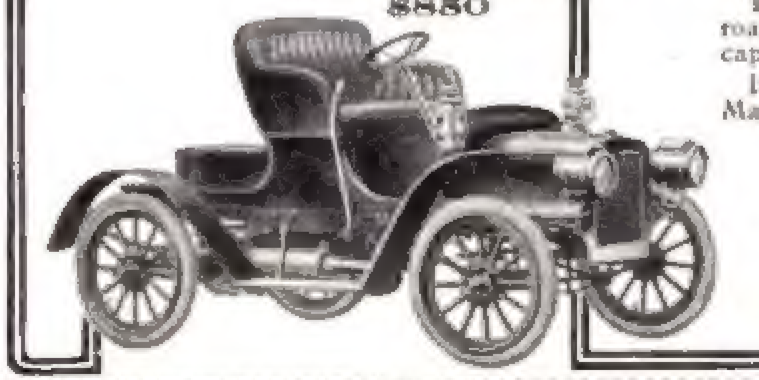

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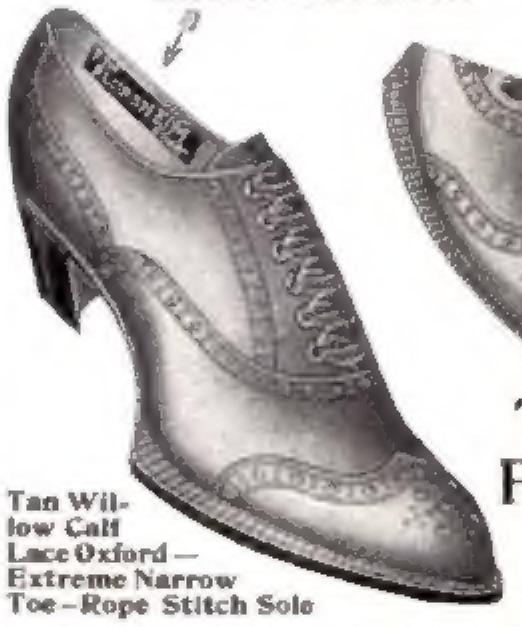

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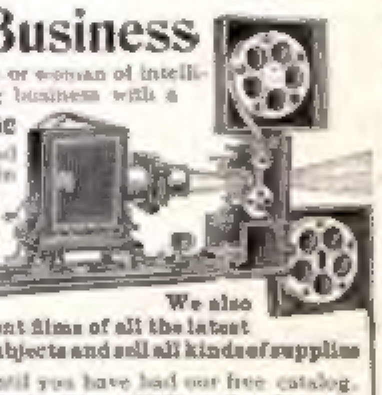

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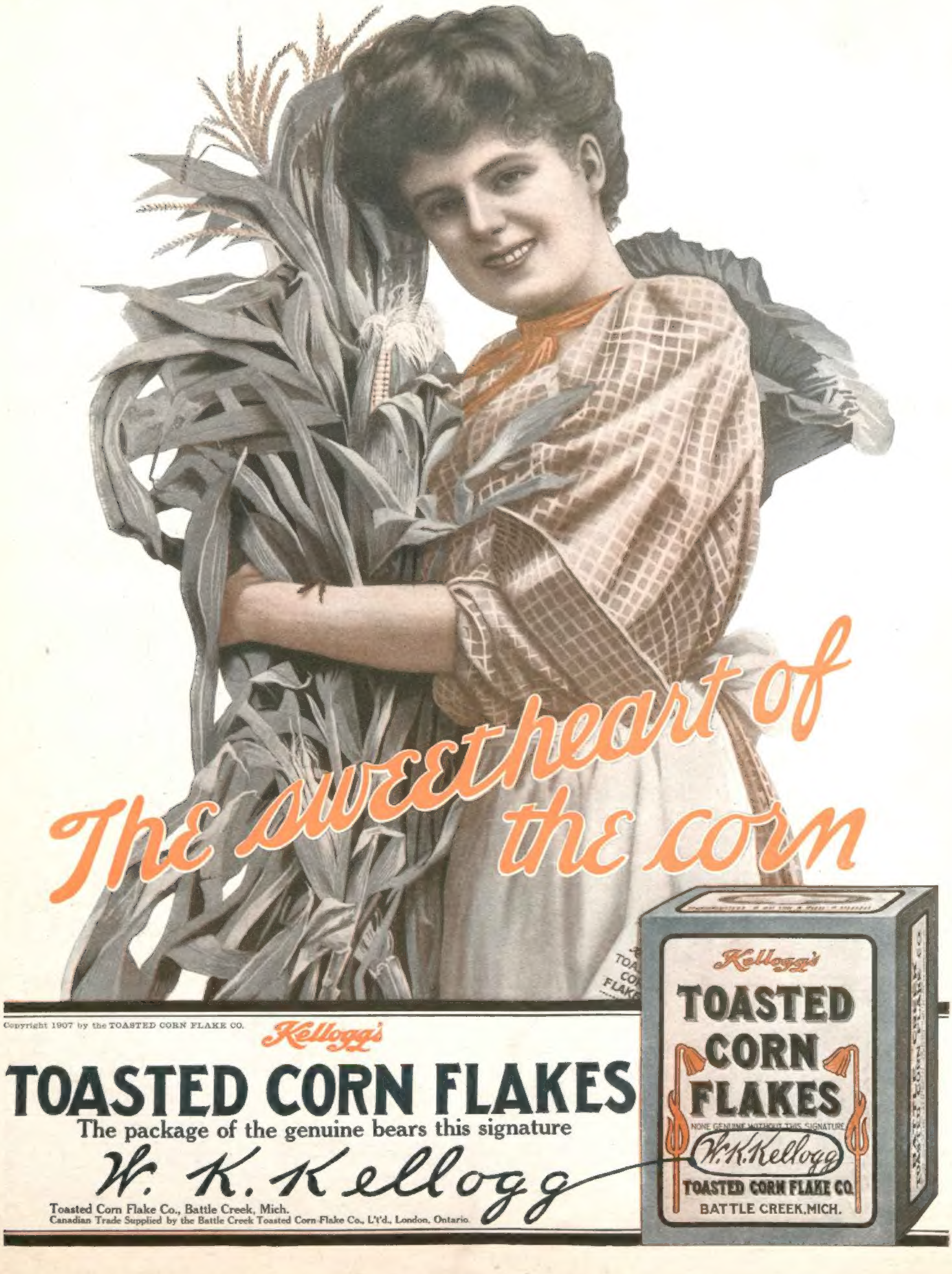
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